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The military memoirs of Captain Henry Cribben of the 140th New ...

Henry Cribben, J. Clayton Youker

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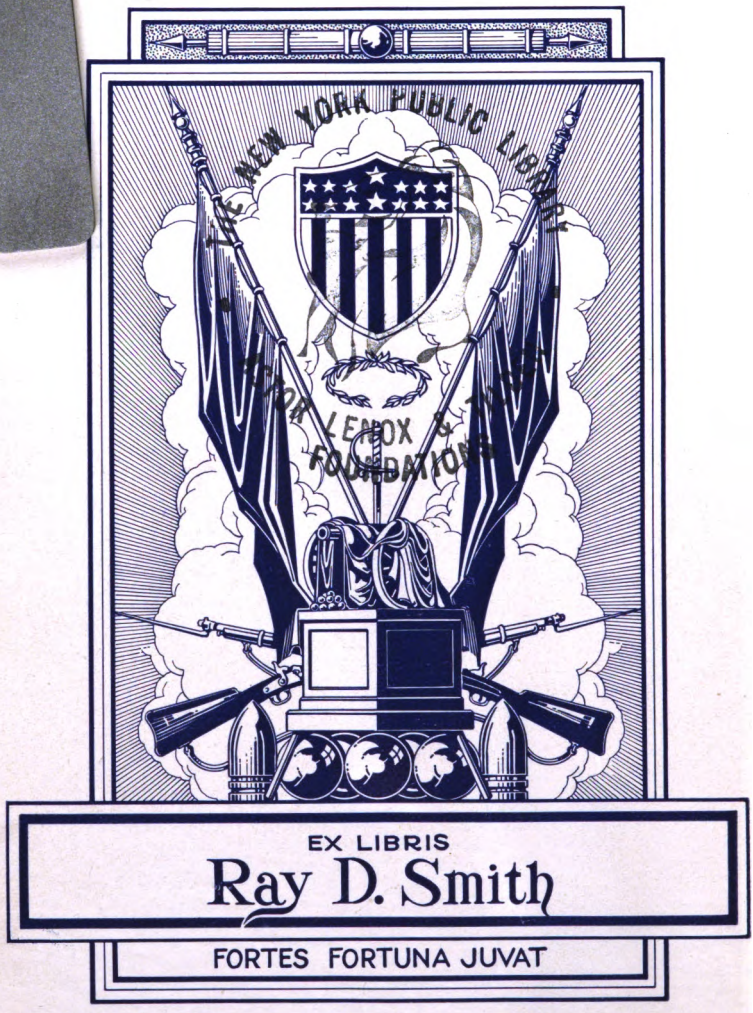

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Clark M. Morton

From Mrs. Henry Gibbons

Oak Park.
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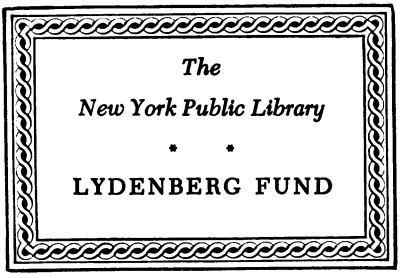

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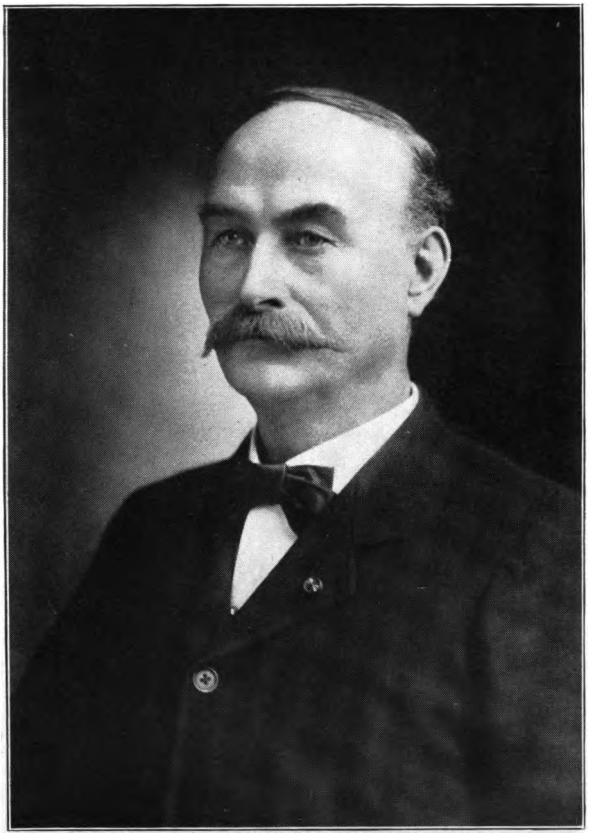

CAPTAIN HENRY CRIBBEN

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The Military Memoirs

of

CAPTAIN HENRY CRIBBEN

of the

140th New York Volunteers

Edited by
J. Clayton Youker

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Foreword

Henry Cribben was born on the Isle of Man, December 18, 1834. When he was very young his parents died, and he was brought to America by relatives who settled at Rochester, N. Y. There he was raised. As soon as he was old enough to work he left the public school and began to learn the iron molder's trade, which he mastered and followed continuously (except while he was in the Federal army in the Rebellion) until 1868, when he organized the Co-operative Foundry Company of Rochester, N. Y., of which corporation he was the president many years. In 1872 he removed to Chicago, where he began the business which is now conducted by Cribben & Sexton Company.

As a journeyman molder Mr. Cribben occupied a prominent place in the councils of the International Molders' Union of North America. He understood thoroughly the rights, the aspirations and the hardships of labor; and when he himself became a stove manufacturer this knowledge was of inestimable value as it enabled him to reconcile differences between the stove manufacturers on the one hand and the workmen on the other. Through his earnest advocacy an organization of the stove manufacturers was effected in June, 1886, and an agreement was consummated in 1891 between this organization and the International Molders' Union by which representatives of each body were to meet in an annual conference for the purpose of harmoniously adjusting all matters affecting their joint interests. The annual conference has been held yearly

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since that time, and it has accomplished very much good. Mr. Cribben was elected the first president of the stove manufacturers' association, and held that responsible office ten consecutive years. It was, therefore, fitting that at the first meeting of the association following his demise a eulogy upon him should be pronounced, which was feelingly done by Mr. K. Lazard Kahn, the vice-president, who said in part:

Henry Cribben in the prime of life was a giant among his fellows; of splendid physical and intellectual mold, he was aggressive, blunt, firm, forceful, kind and just; quick to resent a wrong, he was equally quick to support and defend the right; he was a friend without guile. Flattery inspired by the hope of gain, hypocrisy inspired by meanness, envy inspired by selfishness, were strangers to him. He praised and condemned in the open with equal freedom, and won his cause by the fairness and fearlessness of his contentions. He was a full-fledged man, without affectation or veneer; brave, faithful, honest and true; he was courteous and considerate, democratic, humorous and warm-hearted. It is doubtful if under the strongest provocation, he could have done or spoken ill or wounded the legitimate susceptibilities of another without regret, or failed to greet an acquaintance, to say nothing of a friend, without a smile that provoked good cheer. His was eminently the policy of "live and let live," and if he acquired a larger than average competency, it was because he applied steadily to his ideals and his work such talents and industry as he had, and performed his duty as long as his strength permitted.

He was essentially a self-made man, and proudly proclaimed his humble beginning. The

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tribulations of honest labor and poverty; the incentives of worthy ambitions; the cost and honor of commercial success; the reproach of shiftlessness and irresponsibility; the impotency and wastefulness of labor strikes; the blessing of harmony among all men, were topics each of which this masterful man fully understood. He was a splendid citizen and patriot.

Mr. Cribben entered the military service of the United States in the summer of 1862, enlisting as a private in the 140th New York volunteers. He was promoted from time to time for courage and efficiency, and held at the end of the war the rank of captain.

His regiment formed a part of the Army of the Potomac. He participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Rappahannock, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna River, and Bethesda Church, where he was taken prisoner, June 2, 1864.

He was confined in a number of the Southern prisons, and suffered with his comrades the awful barbarities of the rebel prison pens. He was finally confined in a stockade near Charlotte, N. C., from which he succeeded in making his escape February 16, 1865. After tramping over four hundred miles, suffering on the way appalling hardships, he and his companions reached the Union lines not far from Knoxville, Tenn., March 16, 1865. Returning to his home in Rochester, he was so emaciated that his best friends did not know him. He found that it had been reported in the public press that guerrillas on the Tennessee line had

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hanged him, and this report being believed, his funeral sermon had been preached in his home church a few days before his return. After a short furlough he rejoined his command at the front, took part in the grand review in the city of Washington and was mustered out with his regiment at Rochester, N. Y., June 15, 1865.

From time to time Mr. Cribben yielded to the solicitations of his Grand Army comrades to narrate some of his army experiences. Many of his hearers importuned him to write the complete story and put it into permanent form. This he never did, and the only memoirs which he left of his stirring military life are these which this volume contains.

While these memoirs are published by Mrs. Cribben solely as a loving memorial of her beloved husband to be given to intimate friends only, still the editor cherishes the hope that because of their historical value they will eventually find their way into the public narratives of the great Rebellion.

Mr. Cribben was a practical man in word and deed. His phraseology had the charm which always inheres in honest and rugged speech. It will, therefore, be a gratification to the readers of this volume to know that the language of these memoirs is his own.

Although he had suffered so terribly at the hands of the rebel government, yet he cherished no vindictive feelings against the Southern people. In the year 1900 a Confederate veteran spoke in Mr. Cribben's church on a Sunday evening. At the conclusion of the service the pastor invited the Union veterans who

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were present to step forward and shake the hand of the Confederate before the benediction was pronounced. They came promptly, Mr. Cribben leading the way. No one had more reason to remember wrong and cruelty, yet there he stood cordially greeting the representative of that Confederacy which had starved him almost to death. The scene was a living exemplification of his great heart.

In 1868 Mr. Cribben was elected to the legislature of the state of New York. He served one term. He never again entered public life. But no one was more deeply interested in the affairs of the country at large, and no one rejoiced more genuinely over every sign of national progress.

From his new home in beautiful Oak Park he launched upon the far-stretching sea April 5, 1911. Crowned with many years, at peace with his Maker, sustained by the consciousness of duty well done, and cheered by the loving and ceaseless ministry of his dear ones, he gently passed into the abode of God and of blest spirits.

He regarded life as "a race for honor, not for honors." He won the race.

The Editor.

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The Second Day's Fight at Gettysburg, or what was Seen from Little Round Top

The campaign which culminated in the battle of Gettysburg, which without doubt was the most terrific struggle of the late War of the Rebellion, has become a part of history. This subject in the hands of a ready writer, conversant with the facts as they actually occurred, might lead him to endless lengths, but as I am not a ready writer I shall avoid a presentation of many details, and confine myself to the acts of my own corps, division, brigade and regiment on their march from the Rappahannock River in Virginia, and the part they performed in the second day's fight at Gettysburg.

INVASION OF THE NORTH.

About the middle of June, 1863, the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, strongly reenforced by the return of General Longstreet's corps from Tennessee, where it went to the assistance of General Bragg at Chickamauga, and the arrival of a large levy of fresh troops gathered throughout the Confederacy, forming an entirely new division under General Pettigrew, broke camp along the Rapidan River on their left and Fredericksburg and the Rappahannock River on their right. This army, under General Lee, started northward. General Ewell commanded its left wing, which passed through the Blue Ridge Mountains by way of Chester Gap and marched down the Shenan-

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doah Valley, scattering and capturing the most of General Milroy's command, which was stationed at different points. The Confederates were on their way to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania, determined to compel the people of the North to realize the evil effects of the Rebellion by levying upon their well-filled banks, granaries and storehouses for the necessary money and supplies to clothe and feed the rebel army.

General Ewell crossed the Potomac River June 22. General Longstreet and General Hill, who respectively commanded the right and center wings of the Confederate army, followed June 24 and 25, crossing at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, almost within sight of the battlefield of Antietam, where they had met defeat only one short year before. They followed in the path of General Ewell, and, concentrating at Hagerstown, Md., pushed forward toward Chambersburg and Carlisle, Pa., preparatory to an attack on Harrisburg or Baltimore, as future circumstances might warrant.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC MARCHES NORTH.

The Army of the Potomac, which was encamped along the line of the Rappahannock River, facing the enemy, struck tents as soon as General Hooker could ascertain the movements of the enemy, and moved northward through the London Valley, the Blue Ridge Mountains separating the two armies, both of which for a time were playing a game of hide-

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and-seek and then changed to a foot-race to see which could first reach the Potomac River. The duty of watching the gaps in the Blue Ridge was assigned to our cavalry, and the 5th Corps was sent to their support.

ESCAPE OF COLONEL MOSBY.

Nothing of importance occurred except some skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry at Aldie Gap, and an attempt to capture Colonel Mosby, who had the audacity to visit a family in the neighborhood of Aldie, accompanied by a sergeant. We were informed of the fact by a trusty negro, and a detail was made under command of a regular officer. The house was surrounded on three sides by the detail, and when Mosby, accompanied by his sergeant, came riding up to the house and got nicely inside the trap which had been laid for him, the officer in command called on him to surrender. They both wheeled their horses, and, drawing their revolvers and opening fire on the men detailed to capture them, escaped. The sergeant was wounded, and I think captured, but he may have possibly gotten away. Had the regular officer waited until they reached the proper place near the house, and then given the command, "Ready! Aim!" and called on them to surrender, the result would have been entirely different. The men were instructed not to fire unless ordered to do so by the commanding officer in charge of the detail, but the order came too late to accomplish the task assigned them, which was the capture of

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Mosby, who, by his notorious acts, had proved himself to be a very dangerous and troublesome neighbor to the Army of the Potomac.

HIGH HOPES OF CONFEDERATES.

When the rebel cavalry retired from our front we continued our march in the direction of the river, which we crossed at Edwards Ferry, and moved rapidly in pursuit of Lee's army, it having two days the start of us. No army ever started on a campaign with greater hopes of success in an undertaking than did the Confederates under General Lee. They were very much elated over their so-called victories at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, and really felt that there was no obstacle which they were not qualified to remove or overcome.

GENERAL HOOKER VINDICATED.

General Hooker, knowing the enemy had been strongly reënforced, asked General Halleck, who was then General-in-Chief of our armies, with headquarters in Washington, to abandon Maryland Heights and Harper's Ferry, as those positions were of no value as strategical points since the rebel army had passed them, moving northward, and give him the 10,000 or more troops in the command under General French, as he needed all the soldiers in the district to cope successfully with the reenforced army of General Lee. This request, which was customary, reasonable and in accord with good discipline, and also necessary to success, was denied by General Halleck.

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The General who commands an army which is operating in any district should command all the troops in such district; otherwise there might be a failure of the commanders of the troops to coöperate properly with each other in any important movement that might be made by the commander of the army.

Halleck's refusal to grant General Hooker's request for the troops under General French was not the first sign of friction between the two generals. Halleck had strenuously opposed General Hooker's appointment to the command of the army; he tried his utmost to defeat him, and failed to support him after he had been appointed by the President. He refused to grant him almost everything he asked for. So General Hooker concluded that General Halleck was determined to thwart and defeat him in anything he might undertake, and that the only course left him was to resign and allow the President to appoint a commander who would be more in sympathy with General Halleck and surer of his coöperation. General Hooker sent in his resignation, which was accepted by the President, and General Meade, commanding the 5th Corps, was appointed to the command of the army. To the new Commander were given the troops at Harper's Ferry, and those at Baltimore under General Schenck; in fact, he was given control of all troops occupying the district.

Had General Halleck been possessed of good common sense, leaving his military training out of the question, he would for the time at

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least have laid aside his petty meanness and given Hooker his loyal and earnest support in his efforts to defeat and destroy the rebel army. Had he concentrated the troops that could be spared from Washington, Baltimore and Harper's Ferry, he would have gotten together an army of twenty-five or thirty thousand men which, under the command of any able general, could have taken possession of, fortified and held the South Mountain passes, and thus interposed a permanent barrier between Lee's army and his lines of communication with Richmond—a barrier which could not have been removed by any force that Lee could send against it as long as the Army of the Potomac was prepared to meet the Confederates in front and keep them engaged daily until their ammunition became exhausted, and finally destroy them or compel them to surrender. Had such a move as this been made, General Lee and his army would have met their fate at Gettysburg instead of Appomattox, or twenty-one months earlier than it occurred. General Halleck may have been a good soldier on dress parade. Like many others, who were total failures on the field of battle, he made a splendid officer in civil life for handling bodies of men who were to parade at pyrotechnic or other civic displays. But he was sadly wanting in those qualities that are necessary to make a good fighting general. He lacked nerve, and he was otherwise deficient to occupy the most responsible position in the army of the nation.

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I mention these facts in justification of General Hooker, whom all who knew him must admire for his soldierly qualities of head and heart, for he would fight. It is true that he made a failure at Chancellorsville, but that was one of the best planned battles in the annals of either ancient or modern history although the plan was wretchedly executed. He was not properly sustained by some of his corps and division commanders; and he made mistakes and errors of judgment; and the cavalry failed to perform the part assigned them of destroying the railroads connecting Fredericksburg with Richmond. I saw him not more than an hour before he received his injury at the Chancellorsville house from the concussion of the shell which struck the porch on which he was standing. Although this accident did not prove to be serious, yet it, with the other things mentioned, seemed to knock out of him all the military enthusiasm which he apparently possessed on the two preceding days. The ablest generals will sometimes make mistakes, but the army had confidence in the abilities and soldierly qualities of its commander who was known as "Fighting Joe Hooker."

GENERAL MEADE SUCCEEDS GENERAL HOOKER.

General Meade not only retained the staff of his predecessor, General Hooker, but practically for the time followed his plans. Had it not been shown by the orders issued from

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headquarters, the army would scarcely have known that a change had taken place.

GENERALS SYKES, AYRES AND WEED, AND COLONEL O'ROURKE.

Our regiment was a part of the 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 5th Army Corps. General Sykes commanded the corps, General Ayres the division, and General Weed the brigade.

When we started from the Rappahannock River, Colonel P. H. O'Rourke of our regiment was in command of the brigade, our old brigade commander, General G. K. Warren, a brave and efficient officer, having been appointed Chief of Engineers when General Hooker assumed command of the army. Colonel O'Rourke's friends in the regiment were hoping that he would secure the coveted star of the brigadier and remain as our brigade commander, but their hopes were not to be realized as he was relieved by General Weed on the march to Gettysburg. Colonel O'Rourke was a graduate of West Point. He was beloved by his regiment. Many of us had grown up with him in the district school of Rochester, New York, where the regiment was recruited. We gave him a warm welcome on his return to the regiment on the line of march.

ARMIES ON PARALLEL LINES.

The armies, after crossing the Potomac River, moved on nearly parallel lines through Maryland and Pennsylvania, the mountains being still between them. For a short time we

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knew very little of the movements of the enemy, who had two days' start of us, but we were told that the left wing of their army had reached Carlisle and was making preparations to attack Harrisburg. At this time our army had gone but little more than half the distance north of the Potomac River, covering Washington and Baltimore on its line of march. Many of us thought, as we marched northward through the country, that a splendid opportunity was offered the troops at Washington and Baltimore, that could be spared to join General French, to take possession of the passes in the South Mountain, entrench themselves in the rear of the rebel army and thus prevent its retreat across the Potomac River, and we felt that we could do the rest when we met our Southern friends in front.

No doubt Lee feared a movement of this character as it has since become known that he changed his plans so as to concentrate at Gettysburg.

CONCENTRATION AT GETTYSBURG.

The corps comprising our army were also ordered to concentrate at the same point and meet the enemy, and they began to move rapidly in that direction. Late on the night of June 30, we went into camp at Union Mills, Md., near the Pennsylvania state line. Both officers and men were footsore and weary, many of them having badly blistered feet caused by continued and exhausting marches over hot and dusty roads; a large number

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carried their shoes in their hands or on their knapsacks, being unable to wear them, as blisters as large as a silver dollar covered the soles of their feet. We ate our supper, laid ourselves down, and were soon asleep. At four o'clock in the morning of July 1, we were aroused from our slumbers on the ground, ordered to cook and eat our scanty breakfast, and be ready to move at 4:45. We fell into line at the time named, and took up our line of march in the direction of Gettysburg. We soon crossed the state line into Pennsylvania.

It seemed to us, as we moved along the dusty roads, as if we were campaigning under new conditions. It was a new experience for us to be marching through a free state, and to be greeted as friends by a loyal people, instead of campaigning among people who considered and treated us as enemies. Well do I remember that men, women and children greeted with an anxious and kindly interest the dusty and sunbrowned veterans as they marched along. They furnished us with fresh water to quench our thirst, and saluted us with words of kindness and encouragement.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we reached Hanover, and filed into a field just outside the town to rest, both men and horses being seemingly exhausted. We expected, or at least hoped, that we would go into camp for the night, but while we were resting a report reached us that a fight had taken place that afternoon between the enemy and our cavalry and parts of the 1st and 11th Corps at a point

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northwest of Gettysburg, and that General Reynolds, who commanded the 1st Corps, had been killed in the engagement. The enemy, consisting of Hill's corps, attacked with superior numbers. Although our troops offered a stubborn resistance, nevertheless they were compelled to fall back through the village of Gettysburg; they then rallied and formed a new line at the cemetery, which occupied quite a rise of ground southwest of the village—a position selected by General Howard of the 11th Corps, who succeeded to the command on the death of General Reynolds. This was not encouraging news to reach the ears of weary and footsore men who were almost worn out by forced marches, as we knew full well, if the reports were true, we would soon be on the road, marching to the relief of our comrades who were some twelve miles or more to the northwest. Orders to fall in soon reached us, and by six o'clock we were marching rapidly toward the scene of the late conflict. Darkness came on but we pushed forward, and about midnight we reached a small hamlet called Bonnaughtown. We halted some little distance beyond this place, but close to the position occupied by our troops at the cemetery. The men lay down in the dusty road and were asleep almost as soon as they touched the ground, having marched nearly twenty of the twenty-four preceding hours.

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BEHIND CEMETERY RIDGE.

At four o'clock in the morning of July 2, we were awakened from our slumbers, which were sweet indeed to footsore men, and were ordered to fall in. Our brigade moved southwest nearly half a mile, and was placed in position. Each regiment was massed in close column by division in the rear of Cemetery Ridge to support the troops which were then occupying that position. This position was selected by General Howard, who had been relieved by General Hancock during the night. General Hancock came with orders from General Meade to assume command of all the troops on the ground and any that might arrive on the scene during General Meade's enforced absence in the rear, and to use his own judgment whether to fight at Gettysburg or fall back to a new line at Pipe Creek. General Hancock, with the aid of General Howard and General Warren, who were more familiar with the ground, closely examined the position, and concluded to give the enemy battle on the line selected by General Howard.

HISTORIC ORDER OF GENERAL MEADE.

While my regiment was in the position which I have indicated, our colonel received from headquarters a copy of that memorable order which was issued by General Meade on the morning of June 30, and which has become famous, passing into history. He read it and handed it to his adjutant, requesting

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him to read it to the regiment. That order was as follows:

*Headquarters Army of the Potomac.
June 30, 1863.

The Commanding General requests that previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps and all other commanding officers address their troops, explaining to them briefly the immense issues involved in the struggle. The enemy are on our soil. The whole country now looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe. Our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling of millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of this army. Homes, firesides, and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well heretofore; it is believed that it will fight more desperately and bravely than ever if it is addressed in fitting terms.

Corps and other commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty at this hour.

By command of Major-General Meade.
S. Williams,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

COLONEL O'ROURKE'S LAST SPEECH.

After the reading, the colonel, contrary to his habit, as he was a man of but few words and not given to speech-making, depending more on the force of example to stimulate the men of his command in the performance of their duty, made an address to his regiment for the first and the last time, being killed in ac-

*War Records, vol. 27, pt. 3, p. 415.

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tion on that memorable second day of July, 1863. Well do I remember his sitting erect on his horse in front of the regimental colors as he spoke to us in thrilling, earnest words, telling us what our country expected and what our commander demanded of us at this crisis, closing his remarks, as near as I can recollect, with the following words: "I call upon the file-closers to do their duty; if there is a man this day base enough to leave his company or regiment, let him die in his tracks; shoot him down like a dog." Fully intending to do his duty on this occasion, he was determined that the men of his regiment should not fail in the performance of their full duty in the coming struggle, which proved to be the most important and the hardest fought battle of the Rebellion, and is familiarly known as the high-water mark of the war, for from that memorable Fourth of July, 1863, the fortunes of the Rebellion began to wane, and they continued to droop until the final ending at Appomattox.

THE LINE OF BATTLE, JULY 2.

The line of battle formed on the morning of July 2 was in the shape of a shepherd's staff, running in a southwesterly and southeasterly direction, the extreme right on Culp's Hill forming the hook, and extending southwest through the cemetery and continuing along the elevation known as Cemetery Ridge and the ridge beyond, leading up to Little Round Top. Culp's Hill was occupied by the 12th Corps, General Slocum commanding; the cemetery

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was occupied by the 1st and 11th Corps, General Howard commanding; Cemetery Ridge was occupied by the 2nd Corps, General Hancock commanding; the ridge still farther and joining Little Round Top was to be occupied by the 3rd Corps, General Sickles commanding, and at that time was to be the left of our line of battle. General Sickles, instead of occupying the position assigned to his corps, by a mistake took up a position far in advance of it along a ridge of high ground, and running almost at a right angle from and near the base of Round Top, and extending through a peach orchard to the Emmettsburg road, his left and center, under General Birney, facing General Hood's and General McLaw's divisions of Longstreet's corps, while his right, under General Humphreys, was formed along the Emmettsburg road running north, facing Anderson's division of Hill's corps of the rebel army. General Sickles supposed his left rested at Round Top, but that was a mistake as it reposed at least one-eighth of a mile or more to the west of that point. The position selected by General Sickles was a good one for either attack or defense, provided the ridge from Hancock's left and Little Round Top had been occupied by troops that could be quickly sent to his support in case of need, but such was not the case as there were no troops of any kind on the ridge on Hancock's left, and Little Round Top was unoccupied at the time our division moved out to the assistance of the 3rd Corps. Such was the formation of our line

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on the morning of July 2. My own corps, the 5th, was held in reserve during the forenoon and kept moving from right to left in the rear of the line, by brigade or division, as the movements of the enemy in our front demanded.

COMPOSITION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

The rebel army was composed of three grand divisions or corps, the right, commanded by General Longstreet, facing two small divisions of the 3rd Corps under General Birney; the left, commanded by General Ewell, facing the 12th Corps; the center, commanded by General Hill, facing the 1st, the 11th and the 2nd Corps, commanded by Generals Hancock and Howard, and General Humphreys' division of Sickles' corps which was posted west on the Emmettsburg road. General Meade and General Lee were present and commanded their respective armies in person.

A division in the rebel Army of Northern Virginia was as strong numerically as a corps in the Army of the Potomac. My own corps, the 5th, one of the strongest in our army, numbered about 12,000 men, whereas Longstreet's corps numbered about 30,000. Therefore, a Federal army of six army corps was equal only to that of the enemy's three army corps. The number actually engaged at Gettysburg on both sides was very nearly equal.

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THE CONFIDENCE OF THE CONFEDERATES.

No army ever went into action with a greater expectation of victory than did the rebels under General Lee on the morning of July 2. They had driven a part of our army the day before through the streets of Gettysburg. They had implicit confidence in General Lee and his general officers, who had been severely tried in battle and not found wanting, and who were not hampered from Richmond as our officers had been from Washington; but with all their exalted ideas of their fitness to whip the Army of the Potomac on this occasion, they were doomed to disappointment. It is known that armies and their commanding generals often propose to undertake the destruction of their adversaries, but fate disposes otherwise; and this was one of such instances for fate and the Army of the Potomac frustrated the intentions of General Lee and his rebel army.

LIGHT FIRING.

During the morning of July 2 the boom of artillery was occasionally heard off to the northwest, with light musketry firing now and then, but nothing of moment occurred except the deployment of two of Ewell's divisions around the base of Culp's Hill in front of General Slocum's position, which move was made to cover the movement of Longstreet on our left against the position occupied by General Sickles. Facing General Sickles' corps were General Hood's and General McLaws' divisions of Longstreet's

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corps, supported by Anderson's division of General Hill's Corps. Any one of the three divisions numbered as many men as Sickles' entire corps.

GENERAL SICKLES' POSITION FIERCELY ATTACKED.

About two o'clock the fight opened in good earnest on the left. General Hood's and General McLaws' divisions attacked the left and center of Sickles' position, occupied by Birney's division, with great vigor, hurling against it a force three times greater than his, and finally compelling him to fall back, which he did stubbornly, into the timber in his rear. Sickles, seeing that Birney was being pushed back, called on General Meade, who was on the ground, for reënforcements, saying that he must have them at once or abandon the advanced position taken by him in the morning. The mistake was discovered too late to make a change, as Longstreet was moving at the time against the position. General Meade went in person to view the position. While he was there the battle opened, and he immediately ordered Ayres' and Griffin's divisions of the 5th Corps to the aid of General Sickles, who at the time supposed his left rested on Round Top.

The 1st and 2nd divisions of our corps, which were nearest to the part attacked, were soon moving rapidly to the assistance of the 3rd Corps; our division was in the lead, the 1st brigade of regulars leading the division;

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then came the 2nd brigade of regulars: our brigade of volunteers followed in the rear of the regulars, and our regiment marched in the rear of our brigade. We took up our line of march along the valley in front and near the base of Cemetery Ridge, and moved southwest in the direction of the firing, the 1st division following some distance in our rear. When the 1st brigade of regulars reached a point to the right of the Devil's Den, they formed a line of battle, moved obliquely toward the timber, crossed a deep ravine, and at once became engaged with the enemy. The 2nd brigade followed the first, and also engaged the enemy at the point known as Little Hell.

GENERAL WARREN SEIZES LITTLE ROUND TOP.

While our brigade was marching by file with General Weed in the lead, our muskets not yet loaded, the 1st and 2nd regiments began to move into line preparatory to getting into action between Little Hell and the Devil's Den, and when our regiment was nearing the northeast angle of Little Round Top in the valley our colonel saw General Warren, our old brigade commander and then chief of engineers, coming down the face of Round Top with a long field-glass in his hand. He was jumping from boulder to boulder and calling at the top of his voice for our colonel to lead his brigade that way, at the same time pointing to the summit of Little Round Top with his field-glass. In reply the Colonel said that he was not in command of the brigade, having

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been relieved by General Weed on the march, who was then at the right of the brigade in front. General Warren then said: "Give me your regiment! I must have it at once, it is imperative, as we must occupy that hill immediately and prevent the enemy from taking possession of it." The Colonel answered: "General Weed has gone ahead, and expects me to follow him with my regiment." Warren replied with some warmth, saying: "Never mind that; I will assume responsibility; I will see that you are held blameless; I will fully explain the case to General Weed when we meet; move your regiment by the left flank and take possession of this hill; move across the summit and form your line facing the north and west angles of the hill, and hold in check the enemy that you see advancing to secure the position until I can send you reënforcements, which I will do at once." Warren's earnest words thoroughly convinced the Colonel of the importance of the movement desired by him, and, accepting his promise of full justification to his superiors, he gave the command to move by the left flank, and we went flying up the hillside, as fast as its rocky face would permit, under the guidance of a staff officer who had accompanied General Warren down the slope of the hill. Warren moved off rapidly on foot to meet his horse that was being led by an orderly down the rear or east side of the hill, and to hurry forward the troops of Griffin's division which were coming forward in the rear to our assistance.

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TERRIFIC STRUGGLE OVER LITTLE ROUND TOP.

Before starting up the hill we could see the enemy in plain view coming forward in the valley between the two Round Tops, apparently without any opposition. They were having a foot-race over the broken ledges of rock that lay between them and the northwest angle of Little Round Top. My regiment reached the summit, loading as it went up the hill, and we moved rapidly across its broken face under a heavy fire of artillery from General Hood's and General McLaws' divisions, which were in line of battle in front of Birney, and a withering fire of musketry from the valley below us which seemed alive with rebel troops when we reached the top; they proved to be the Texas brigade of Hood's division, strongly supported by part of Barksdale's brigade.

We reached the northwest angle of the hill, and one-half of the regiment faced the Devil's Den and the other half faced Round Top. We opened a rapid and deadly fire from both fronts upon the advancing foe, and succeeded in driving them off the face of the hill and into the timber and underbrush between the two Round Tops. We had reached the angle none too soon. The Texans' advance was not very heavy at the time, being badly strung out, but it was fully three-fourths of the way up the slope of the hill. Many of them remained in their position, being killed within thirty feet of the summit.

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They reformed under cover, and, concentrating their strength in the valley between the two Round Tops, made another attempt to take the hill from our left. We were strung out in a very thin line, sheltered behind large rocks along the face of the hill, and as soon as the enemy made their appearance at the foot of the hill, we poured into their ranks a heavy fire of musketry which proved disastrous to them. This checked their advance, and those in front, finding it was impossible to take the hill from that side, reënforced their friends in the valley on our left, and by this addition they were enabled to move still further to our left, overlapping our line by more than our entire regimental front to the west of us; but, fortunately for us, General Warren met Vincent's brigade, consisting of the 44th New York, the 33rd Pennsylvania and the 10th Maine, coming to the front, and he sent them on the double-quick up the east face of the hill to our assistance, and they had just at this moment taken up a position on our left; simultaneously with ourselves they opened fire on the Texans in the valley below, who had reached the base of the hill and started to move up the slope; but they did not like the shower of leaden hail that was dealing death and destruction to them, so they fell back for the second time under cover of the timber. The men of Vincent's brigade and of our own regiment continued sending their death-dealing messengers into their ranks as long as a man of them remained within musket range.

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They had lost heavily and we thought they would not again make an attempt to drive us off the hill. But it seemed that they needed another baptism of fire to satisfy them, for in a very short time they again made their appearance, seemingly determined to drive us off the position or die in the attempt. They came forward in line, yelling like wild beasts which were about to secure and devour their prey. They met a shower of leaden hail that thinned their ranks along their entire line, but still on they came, leaving their dead and dying behind them. Our continued and incessant firing was rapidly diminishing the ammunition in our cartridge-boxes, and, as by common impulse, without orders, we fixed bayonets to be prepared for the worst when it should arrive, and give the rebels the cold steel, if necessary, when our ammunition was exhausted.

The right of the enemy's line in front of the 10th Maine, having more even ground to pass over, was considerably in advance of their left. Their right overlapped the left of the 10th Maine. They continued to advance, although their numbers were being rapidly decimated by the destructive fire of musketry from our entire line on the hill. As the rebel right had almost gained the summit, the Colonel of the 10th Maine, taking in the situation and feeling that the time had come for his men to drive the enemy off or be driven off themselves, ordered his regiment to charge the enemy and give them the steel. The men sprang forward, charging down the slope in their front to meet

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the advancing foe who for the moment seemed to stop to receive the shock that instantly followed, and a hand to hand conflict took place. The bayonet was used freely on both sides. Muskets were used as clubs with vigor. The officers, mingling with the men and seizing the muskets dropped by the dead and the wounded, joined in the fight, and their action seemed to inspire their men to new endeavors. The men who remained of the Texas brigade of Hood's division were scattered and driven back through the woods and underbrush in our front.

During this terrible struggle by General Vincent's brigade and my regiment to hold this important position, Battery D, 5th United States Artillery, known as "Hazlett's battery," made its appearance on the summit of Round Top. It was dragged up from the rear by hand and lifted over the enormous boulders that covered the east side of the hill. Placed in position it went into action, doing excellent service in staying the advancing onslaught of Longstreet's troops against the position of the 3rd Corps and their supports, which consisted of the 1st and 2nd divisions of the 5th Corps under General Sykes, who had gone to the assistance of General Sickles when we were detached by General Warren to take possession of Little Round Top.

The Texans fought with desperation to secure the position, which was the key to our entire line of battle. Had they secured a permanent foothold on the hill, which they so

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much coveted and tried so hard to gain, and covered it with artillery, they could have swept our entire line in reverse and compelled us to fall back to Pipe Creek or some other position in our rear.

Thus ended the struggle for the possession of Little Round Top. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to watching for the rebels who had been defeated and driven back to their lines in our front on both sides of the angle, to observing the contending forces along General Sickles' line of battle, which reached from the Devil's Den to the Emmettsburg road, to caring for the wounded, and to making preparations for the burial of our dead.

THE KILLED AND THE WOUNDED.

The number of the killed and the wounded on both sides was very large, the loss on the rebel side being greater than on ours, they being the attacking party. They fought us with a vigor and determination worthy of a better cause than that in which they were engaged, which was the perpetuation and spread of slavery in the United States. The summit of Little Round Top was strewn with the killed and the wounded of the four regiments which held the position; and the face of the hillside, and the valley below, in front and between the two Round Tops, was literally covered with the wounded, the dead, and the dying of the enemy. It was a notorious fact that our corps hospital contained many more of the rebel wounded than of our own. Many of the living

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on both sides never again participated in the battles of that inhuman and fratricidal rebellion, being either wounded unto death or crippled for life.

The loss in each regiment of Vincent's brigade was fully as great as in my own regiment, if not greater. We lost twenty-nine killed and 103 wounded and missing, or about twenty-eight per cent of the number that went into the fight. Among the killed were General Weed and General Vincent, and Colonel P. H. O'Rourke and Lieutenants Klein and McGraw of my regiment. Captain Hazlett, commanding Battery D, 5th United States Artillery, was killed while in a stooping posture and looking into the face of General Weed, falling across his body. Many others in Vincent's command, with whose names I am not familiar, gave up their lives in defense of Little Round Top.

The death of Colonel O'Rourke was a severe blow to both the officers and the men of his regiment. He was a born leader of men. He was of dauntless courage. He was loyal to his country. He was an accomplished soldier, with strong convictions. He was strict in discipline, but kind and just to all who served with him in the ranks or in the line. Genial in disposition, modest in bearing, and pure in character, none knew him but to love him. Many of the officers and the men of our regiment had known him from boyhood, and had seen him grow up and blossom into a vigorous manhood. Many of us recalled the time when

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he left us in the district school at Rochester, New York, to go to the Military Academy at West Point; we had followed him through his career as a cadet, and were delighted when he graduated with honors near the head of his class. He died at the head of his regiment, shot through the neck. General Weed fell near his side shortly afterward. Both were brave and loyal men, and they died in defense of our common country.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE THIRD CORPS.

We will now turn our attention to the struggle of the 3rd Corps and Ayres' and Barnes' divisions of the 5th Corps that had gone to the relief of General Sickles, whose line extended from the Devil's Den westward through the peach orchard to the Emmettsburg road, where Humphreys' division continued the formation northward along said road, facing Anderson's division of Hill's Corps on Seminary Ridge. This line of battle was fully a mile long, and as it was occupied by one of the smallest corps in our army it was of necessity very light, and, unless it was well supported by the rest of our army when it was heavily attacked by the enemy with a force three times larger, it must necessarily fall back regardless of the position it might occupy.

As I have already stated, the 1st and the 2nd brigades of regulars had formed line and gone into the fight to assist the gallant Birney, who

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was being hard pressed on his left and center by the rebel divisions under Hood and McLaws, supported by Anderson's division of Hill's corps. Any one of the three divisions named numbered as many troops as our entire 3rd Corps. The regulars went into the left of the peach orchard at the point known as Little Hell. They went in with confidence through the ravine, but were met with a galling fire of musketry from the advancing enemy who were moving forward in double line of battle, and the clatter of musketry told us they were hotly engaged.

The 3rd brigade of our division, minus our regiment which had been detached by General Warren, formed line and went in on its left near the Devil's Den, and were soon engaged with the enemy. For a short time they seemed to check the enemy, but they were soon driven back, whereupon they took up a new position in the timber, stubbornly contesting every foot of ground gained by the enemy who still greatly outnumbered our forces which were engaged. Our troops kept up an incessant and terrible fire on the enemy, who had taken possession of a stone wall which ran along the edge of the wheatfield. The rebels held possession of the wall for the rest of the afternoon, and did not show any disposition to come out and meet the deadly fire of our troops who were established along the new line.

Caldwell's division of Hancock's corps was brought up and sent in to dislodge the enemy from their position, but it met with the same

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fate that had befallen the 1st and 2nd divisions of our corps, and was compelled to fall back after firing two or three volleys into the rebels who were posted behind the stone wall.

Birney's right and center were compelled to fall back to the new formation, as they were being taken in reverse by the enemy on their left. This disarrangement of the line compelled General Humphreys to fall back, pressed by Anderson's rebel division in front and one brigade on the left of McLaws' division on his left flank, but Humphreys fell back slowly and punished the enemy as he moved to the rear, almost changing front as he fell back. His original line being north and south along the road, he now faced south by west. This fierce struggle continued for about three hours. The enemy seemed content to hold the ground they had gained from Birney early in the fight. Our troops made charge after charge by brigade and division to dislodge them from their position, only to be swept back by the terrific fire of musketry and artillery.

General Sickles was severely wounded and carried from the field, and the command of the 3rd Corps was assumed by the gallant Birney who had done his utmost to stay the advance of the enemy. Troops had been drawn from the 12th Corps on our extreme right to support our left and hold the enemy in check. During their absence General Ewell advanced Johnson's division, just at dark, and they attacked our position at Culp's Hill, gaining possession of our works; but, on the re-

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turn of the men of Slocum's corps during the night and early morning, they were driven out, at the point of the bayonet, at daylight, by Geary's division.

Such was the situation between daylight and dark on the evening of July 2 at Gettysburg. The rebels had pushed back our original line which was established by General Sickles early in the morning, but as yet had gained nothing decisive in its character; they held the ground they had gained with a bulldog tenacity, and the united efforts of the 3rd, two divisions of the 5th, and one division of the 2nd Corps were unable to dislodge them from their entrenched position behind the stone wall. On the other hand, the rebels did not seem to want to force the fighting after the arrival of the supports sent to the relief of General Sickles. They seemed to know a good thing when they got behind that stone wall, and were content to hold what they had gained.

THE CHARGE OF THE BUCKTAILS AND THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

At this time it looked serious to us on Little Round Top; we felt that everything depended upon the ability of our forces to drive the enemy from the position they had gained, and that if they did not dislodge them we might be obliged to fight another battle to retain possession of Little Round Top; so we intently watched to detect any movement that took place, favorable or otherwise. While watch-

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ing off to our right and front we saw troops moving across in the direction of the timber. An officer of our regiment, who was the possessor of a field-glass, sang out: "There go the Bucktails and the Pennsylvania reserves of our corps, and General Crawford is in command." As they moved into line we cheered them to the echo. They fixed bayonets and charged the enemy who were entrenched behind the wall. They went in with a yell that was taken up along the entire line. They received a heavy volley of musketry from the enemy. Before the Confederates could reload, the Bucktails and the reserves were upon them. They gave the rebels a volley, and with bayonets fixed charged the stone wall. The enemy broke and fled across the wheatfield in their rear, and lost all the ground they had gained from the Devil's Den to the peach orchard. The rebels had done hard fighting to secure the position they had held during the afternoon, and it was a continual battle for them to hold it for three hours or more, and, like our own men who were opposed to them, they were badly in need of rest.

The Bucktails and the Pennsylvania reserves, who came up and drove the rebels from their entrenched position behind the stone wall, and hurled them back to their position of the morning, received the silent thanks of their comrades who had lost nearly half their number in attempting to dislodge the enemy during the afternoon. Their own loss was slight as compared with that of the 3rd Corps

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or the other troops of Ayres', Barnes', or Caldwell's divisions which had gone to the assistance of General Sickles at the commencement of the fight.

Thus ended the second day's fighting at Gettysburg, darkness putting a stop to further hostilities.

PICKETT'S CHARGE.

On the following day we witnessed from the rocky summit of Little Round Top what is known in history as the charge of Pickett's division, which had come up during the night. It was the charge of three divisions, or intended to be such when they started, as Pickett was strongly supported on his right by Wilcox's division, and on his left by Heth's division which was commanded by General Pettigrew.

The rebel artillery, posted on the crest of Seminary Ridge in the timber, opened fire along the entire line at one o'clock in the afternoon, and our artillery promptly replied from Culp's Hill on the north to Little Round Top on the south. Two hundred and fifty guns on both sides were soon belching forth solid shot and shell which went screeching through the air on errands of death and destruction to the contending troops. This artillery fire continued for two hours without cessation. Then General Hunt, our chief of artillery, ordered our artillerists partially to cease firing, as their ammunition was being rapidly diminished and it was not safe to bring up fresh supplies in

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wagons, several caissons having been blown up by the terrific fire of the enemy. Hunt, knowing full well that the rebels intended to make an attack in force on some part of our line, wished to reserve a part of his ammunition for the purpose of meeting it when it was made.

Shortly afterward the rebels ceased firing, and began to mass their troops in front of Seminary Ridge at the edge of the woods which skirted the hill. The charging column was in the form of a wedge, Pickett's division forming the apex or entering part. Pickett's men were formed in double line of battle and were well in advance of the supporting divisions on their right and left. From a military point of view it was a grand and beautiful sight to behold. There were at least 30,000 men formed in line of battle, Pickett's division alone containing 15,000, and then they moved forward over the plain like an avalanche of living life to meet their doom in front of Cemetery Ridge. They marched for some time as though passing in review before their corps or division commanders; they were in perfect alignment, and none of those who saw it could refrain from admiring the magnificent military pageant. In battle array they moved stoically in the direction of our center on Cemetery Ridge which was occupied by the 2nd Corps under General Hancock.

Our artillery, which had for the time ceased firing, opened on the advancing column from right to left, Hazlett's battery on Round Top

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joining. The shot and shell made large gaps in the ranks in each line of battle, which were at once closed up to the right and left as though the rebels were correcting their alignment on battalion drill. As they came nearer our batteries along the line seemed to do greater execution, sending shot and shell screeching through their ranks from front to rear and cutting them down like grass at the hands of the mower; but these gaps were closed up, and forward they came through this terrific fire, under which we thought for a time that no man could ever pass alive. We expected to see them fall back long before they reached our lines, but such was not the case. Still onward they moved until they came within range of the rifles of the Vermont brigade under General Stannard, which occupied an advanced position on the left. The Vermonters opened fire obliquely upon the right of the advancing column of the enemy, compelling them to crowd heavily to the left in trying to get out of range, but that helped them but very little, for the brave Vermonters moved out of their entrenchments, and, soon joined by the 19th Massachusetts and the 42nd New York, attacked their exposed flank with a destructive fire of musketry. The column for a moment hesitated, but again started, moving still more obliquely to the left and crowding badly on its own center. They were then within range of the fire of the troops on the left and center of our line who opened upon them a disastrous fire of musketry. This crowded them still

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further to the left. But still they advanced until they penetrated Hancock's line, a few rushing up and placing their hands on the guns. The gunners used their rammers to club the advancing foe. This occurred when our infantry in the front line lost their heads for a moment and fell back to the second line, which promptly advanced to the rescue, with bayonets fixed, and opened a deadly fire on the enemy. This cooled the rebels' ardor almost to freezing, and they threw down their arms and cried out: "We surrender!"

In the meantime Wilcox's division, which had failed to support Pickett on his right while he was making the charge and after his disastrous repulse, now moved rapidly forward to attack the left of our position, but it was met by a heavy artillery fire which seemed to demoralize it badly, and General Stannard, again seeing his opportunity, sent a part of his brigade to attack it in flank and rear. Our men successfully performed the task assigned them and scattered the enemy, capturing some 700 prisoners. Pettigrew also advanced, and was treated in like manner. Immediately after the repulse of Pickett, Wilcox and Pettigrew, General Crawford, who still held the position taken from the enemy the night before, advanced across the wheatfield into the woods and drove the enemy in his front, capturing nearly 1,000 prisoners.

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SPLENDID SERVICE OF THE CAVALRY.

I cannot close this narrative without mentioning the splendid service rendered by the cavalry arm of our army. Buford's was a gallant struggle in the first day's fight with the enemy's cavalry and infantry on the right; and on the third day Gregg's division on the right and Kilpatrick's division on the left displayed great heroism, suffering heavy loss. From the Round Top we had a partial view of the attack which was made by Farnsworth's and Merritt's brigades on Hood's right and rear, which they charged with a vigor and spirit almost unparalleled in cavalry warfare. General Farnsworth, at the head of two regiments, charged a fence which was strongly held by the rebels; they cleared the fence and sabred the enemy; then they rushed on the second line and went up to the muzzles of the enemy's artillery where most of them were killed, wounded or captured. Among the dead was the gallant Farnsworth, who was instantly killed at the head of his men while leading them in their charge on the enemy's second line of works.

THE TOTAL LOSS.

The loss at Gettysburg on our side was about 23,000 killed, wounded and missing. The loss of the enemy was about 30,000. The combined losses were nearly thirty-five per cent of the whole number engaged on both sides.

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Thus ended the battle of Gettysburg, the* hardest fought and fiercest struggle for supremacy known to have taken place during the past 300 years, and the most destructive of life and limb of any battle of modern times.

***Mr. Cribben wrote this opinion before the late war between Russia and Japan.**

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The Part Performed by the Regiment that Opened the Struggle for Supremacy in the Wilderness on the Morning of May 5, 1864.

The 140th Regiment New York Volunteers, of which I was a member, was recruited at Rochester, Monroe County, in the month of July, 1862, and was forthwith mustered into the United States army, some 1,040 strong, and went into active service in the field immediately after the Battle of Antietam. Its first battle was Fredericksburg; and it performed its part in all subsequent engagements of the Army of the Potomac, ending at Appomattox. The regiment had three colonels during the war, and they were P. H. O'Rourke, George Ryan, and E. S. Otis; the first was killed at Gettysburg, the second was killed at Spottsylvania, and the third is now a brigadier-general in the United States Army and wears a glass eye, having lost the natural one by a rebel bullet at Hatcher's Run, Va.

COLONEL RYAN ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE 140TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Early in August, 1863, when the Army of the Potomac, which had been in pursuit of Lee's army from Gettysburg, reached the Rappahannock River, our regiment went into camp

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near Beverly Ford, Va., and at this point Colonel George Ryan assumed command. He was an educated soldier, having graduated from West Point, and at the time of his appointment was a captain in the 6th United States Infantry. He had been assistant adjutant-general of our division under Major General Sykes before he assumed command of the 5th Corps, and was still acting in that capacity under General Romeyn B. Ayres when he received the appointment. He was a brave and noble soldier, and was loved, honored and respected by both officers and men. He was kind and generous to his associate officers and the men in his regiment. He was of an active temperament. A man of strong impulses, of undaunted courage, possessed of a strong sense of duty as a soldier, and a strict disciplinarian, he looked closely into every detail in connection with his command. He gave his associate, field, and company officers to understand that they must at all times be in their respective places when their company or the regiment was out on dress-parade or drill, and that they must perform all duties required of them by the army regulations and the articles of war. He would not permit either officer or private to shirk, but insisted upon both performing their full duty, or giving a good and sufficient reason for its non-performance.

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THE EFFICIENCY OF THE 140TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

At our camp near Culpepper, Va., in the early autumn, our regiment numbered about 250 men, but it was increased to about 600 by volunteer recruits, conscripts, substitutes, and men who had returned from hospitals. These men were at once put through a thorough and systematic course of drill four hours each day, until they were proficient in their facings and marchings. They were then given arms, and were drilled the same number of hours daily until we moved on the Mine Run campaign in December. When we returned from Mine Run and reached Warrenton Junction, the drill was continued until the recruits had attained the efficiency of veterans. To our gallant colonel is due the credit of furnishing the Army of the Potomac with one of the best drilled regiments that crossed the Rapidan River into the Wilderness. When he led this brave band of Zouaves with steady tread across the pontoon bridge which spanned the Rapidan River on the fourth of May, 1864, we were full of hope that the cruel and fratricidal war would soon come to an end, and that we would be able to return to our homes and loved ones, from whom many had been absent for nearly two years; but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment, for "Man proposes, but God disposes," and this gallant body of men, with many similar organizations, was soon to be shorn of its strength and ground into pieces in the crash of battle then near at hand.

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REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

During the winter of 1863-64 a reorganization of the Army of the Potomac took place. The 1st and 3rd Corps were consolidated into the 5th and 6th Corps. Our old 2nd division of the 5th Corps, consisting of six regiments of regulars, constituting the 1st and 2nd brigades, and four regiments of volunteers, forming the 3rd brigade, were consolidated into one brigade of ten regiments, commanded by General Romeyn B. Ayres, our former division commander, and was afterwards known as the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, General Charles Griffin commanding the division and General Gouverneur K. Warren commanding the corps.

SIGNS OF IMPENDING MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

In the early spring of 1864 the signs of the times indicated to the troops stationed along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad that an early movement of the armies in the east, west, and southwest was anticipated. General U. S. Grant had been appointed Lieutenant-General and given command of all the Union armies, and he had established his headquarters in the field with the Army of the Potomac. Great quantities of ordnance, commissary and quartermaster stores were being sent to the front over this line of railroad which ran close to our camp. A large number of troops was being sent to the main

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body of the army, and a feeling of general activity seemed to prevail among the troops in our immediate vicinity.

When it became known that we were soon to move, the men sent home the surplus moneys and valuables that they had accumulated during the winter, fearing that they themselves might be killed or wounded in the coming conflict, which we all felt was to be the closing struggle of the Rebellion, and which it proved to be as this campaign did not close until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

The 9th Corps, commanded by General Ambrose E. Burnside, which had left our army after the battle of Fredericksburg to become a part of the Army of the West, had again rejoined the Army of the Potomac, and was assigned to the duty of guarding the railroad which our corps had been protecting during the winter.

THE MARCH TOWARD THE WILDERNESS.

Our brigade was relieved on the 29th of April, and we at once struck tents and took up our line of march to join the main body of the army, consisting of the 2nd and 6th Corps of infantry and the cavalry under General Sheridan, then encamped between the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. The first day we marched to Rappahannock Station on the bank of the river from which the station derives its name, where we had at different times encamped before, traveling about fourteen miles.

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On the first of May we again took up our line of march, and went into camp near Brendly Station, remaining there about thirty-six hours, when we again moved, and then camped near the village of Stevensburg on the Rapidan River. At about two o'clock on the morning of the fourth of May we were awakened and told to cook our breakfast. Blankets were folded, and coffee boiled, and after a hasty breakfast we formed in line and moved into the road. The night was dark and our progress was slow. At daylight we passed through the deserted village of Stevensburg which was occupied by only a few stragglers and coffee coolers belonging to the 2nd Corps which had preceded us some two hours before and had taken up its line of march for Ely's Ford, located farther down the river.

The 5th and 6th Corps, with Wilson's cavalry division, led the advance and crossed at Germania Ford; the 2nd Corps, with Gregg's division of cavalry, crossed at Ely's Ford, and the wagon trains crossed at Culpepper Mine Ford. As we approached the bridge, we found General Warren, our corps commander, and General Wadsworth, with a small group of staff officers, watching the troops as they marched on the bridge. It was the last we saw of the gallant Wadsworth, who, to us of the Eastern Army, was the representative citizen-soldier, as General Logan was to the Army of the West. He was killed in the hardest of the fight on the sixth day of May in the Wilderness; so far to the front was he, his

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body fell into the hands of the enemy. The weather on the fourth of May was pleasant, and when we crossed the river we marched in a southeasterly direction on the Germania Plank Road in the direction of the Wilderness Tavern to a point where the road crossed the Orange Turnpike. When we reached this crossing our brigade turned west into the Orange Turnpike, marched about a mile, and went into camp for the night in the woods on the north side of the road. Before going into camp a strong picket line, composed of details from the entire division, in command of Lieutenant-General Otis of our regiment, was thrown out about half a mile in advance in the woods.

General Grant was with us in the field during the operations of our army. His fame as a fighter had preceded his coming, and we all felt that there was to be a trial of strength and endurance between our army and the Confederate army in our front.

AT THE WILDERNESS.

Our brigade went into bivouac, forming double line of battle, our regiment forming the left with the 146th New York in our rear, the 91st Pennsylvania in their rear, and the regulars formed in the same manner on the right of the Pennsylvania troops. With this formation completed we were prepared for any emergency, as far as our brigade was concerned, that might occur during the night should the enemy be bold enough to attack us.

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Our camp was on a slight rise of ground on the actual battlefield of the Wilderness, which was certainly all that its name implies. The ground was covered with a thick mass of trees and underbrush in the vicinity of our position, which became denser to the north and west until it formed one compact mass of trees, underbrush and intertwining wild grapevines, stretching from tree to tree like large ropes, making it almost impossible for men or animals to pass, and very difficult to communicate from one part of the battlefield to another. The ground was rough, uneven and swampy to our right, with small ravines or water courses, many of which were dry at the time, and there were only two roads running through this vast wilderness.

THE OPENING OF THE WILDERNESS STRUGGLE.

We passed a very comfortable night in camp in line of battle, not being troubled by the enemy, whom we believed to be in our vicinity; but at daylight rumors were afloat that the enemy had been found in force in our immediate front, and the activity of mounted staff-officers and orderlies, riding up and down the road, showed signs of the coming conflict; and looking westward on the turnpike we could see men passing from one side of the road to the other less than a mile from our position. Some reported that they were a division of rebel infantry; others said that they were only a few dismounted cavalry. We were soon to

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learn of our own knowledge what the real character of the men was, as a general advance of the troops on the right and left of the turnpike was ordered by General Warren. Colonel Ryan ordered each company to pile its knapsacks and place a guard over them. This was done to enable the men to travel through the woods and underbrush with less trouble and confusion, and to escape the heat of the day as it was very warm and sultry, thereby saving their strength to meet the enemy in the coming battle.

Our brigade moved through the woods in double line of battle, our regiment on the left, skirting the edge of the woods on the north side of the turnpike, followed by the 146th New York, the 91st and 155th Pennsylvania and the regular infantry on our right. On the south side of the turnpike, moving in the same direction, was the 3rd brigade of our division, commanded by General Bartlett. We advanced about half a mile when we struck our picket-line, through which we moved, leaving it in the rear. After marching about a mile from where we started, our regiment came into a small clearing of almost flat ground, it being about three hundred yards across to the woods on the opposite side. The moment we emerged into the opening from the timber, our regiment, which was considerably in advance of the troops on our right and left flanks, received a volley of musketry from the woods on the opposite side, and the bullets came crashing into our ranks, wounding several of our men.

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Colonel Ryan's horse was wounded and became unmanageable. He dismounted, took in the situation at once, hurried to the front of his regiment on foot, and gave the command: "Right-about! March!" and when we reached the cover of the woods he gave the command: "Right-about! Halt! Order Arms! Load at will! Load!" When our rifles were loaded we were ordered to lie down. In the rear of our line at this point our field hospital was established for the care of the wounded. He then called to me and ordered me to take forty volunteers from the regiment and cover the right flank as skirmishers. Throwing my men well to the front, I called in a loud voice for forty volunteers, and nearly 200 responded. I selected forty men, four men from each company, a number of them being the best shots at target practice we had in the regiment, and moved them to the right and front as ordered, posted my best marksmen nearest to the enemy, and opened fire on the rebels posted in the woods on the opposite side of the open plain. I watched with interest the effect of our fire, and saw three men throw their blankets into the air and drop to the earth, while several others hobbled off to the rear apparently wounded. Just as this skirmishing was becoming interesting to us, Colonel Ryan sent me word that the troops on our right were about up, and that the regiment would charge across the open space as soon as the 91st Pennsylvania reached the position occupied by my skirmishers, and requested me to have my men

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well in hand, and run them into their respective companies when the regiment charged across the open space heretofore mentioned. I at once placed the men belonging to the left companies of the regiment on the left of my skirmish-line, and so on to the right, so as to execute the order and move the men into their respective companies in line of battle during the charge. Colonel Ryan was satisfied from the volley that greeted us as we emerged from the woods that the firing did not come from a skirmish-line of cavalry, as had been reported, but that the woods in our front contained a strong force of infantry. He informed us that we were to charge the enemy in the opposite woods, without firing a shot until we reached them, and at close quarters defeat and drive them out of the timber. Our regiment, like all others, was composed of men of varying grades of courage and cowardice; but to their credit be it said that, when the order to charge was given, every man in line moved forward with a rush; not a single man hesitated, but each seemed to vie with the others to see which would first reach the woods on the opposite side, and attack the enemy.

THE CHARGE OF THE 140TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Word was soon passed along the line to advance, and Colonel Ryan gave orders to "Fall in! Fix bayonets! Shoulder arms! Right shoulder! Shift arms! Forward! Double quick! Charge!" and the regiment started on

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the run with an ear-splitting yell that echoed through the woods, giving assurance to the troops on the right and left of the line that the Ryan Zouaves were charging the enemy and would soon be engaged in the stern realities of battle, struggling for victory. I ran my skirmishers into their respective companies and joined in the charge across the plain, and I can truthfully say that the spirit and determination of the men, as well as the momentum of that charge by a single regiment, were never excelled. The charge was made on the run with a yell that showed desperate determination. We suffered losses as we advanced that fearfully thinned our ranks, but never for a moment were we checked. It was a grand sight to behold Colonel Ryan on foot, a little in advance of the regimental colors, without his sword, which he had left sticking in the saddle-girth when he jumped from his wounded horse, waving his soft hat over his head to encourage his men as they charged. When we entered the dry ravine we received a severe volley from the woods. Leaving many dead and wounded behind, forward we went into the woods, and struck the enemy with such force that they fell back in disorder before us, firing as they went into the dense timber on their left. Our men opened fire and drove the enemy—which we found to be Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps, and which we had met on the battlefield before—steadily back, doubling them on their left center.

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The struggle for supremacy continued; and oftentimes we found the woods so thick in our front that we could not see the enemy, although many of them were not more than fifteen or twenty feet distant. Often the burning powder from the discharged rifles in the hands of the enemy would drop at the feet of our men, who would instantly thrust their rifle bayonets through the brush and vines and kill or wound those in their front. The men could not see the effect of the thrust, but could hear the enemy yell with pain when they received the bayonet wound.

Our gallant Colonel moved along the line from right to left of the regiment, still waving his soft hat, cheering and encouraging the men and officers by his presence, and urging them forward where it was possible for them to advance through the tangled mass of vines and underbrush. He was desirous of personally knowing what every part of his line was doing and how his men were faring at the hands of the enemy.

IN A TRAP.

We continued to push the rebels, and for a time we had gained a decided advantage over them in our front. Their fire, which at the outset was severe and disastrous to our men, had become apparently light, and we were crowding them northwest instead of west as was the case when we first struck them in the timber; everything up to this time indicated that our charge was destined to be a

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grand success. But we found to our sorrow that the fortunes of war are fickle—at least they proved to be so in our case—for without notice we received a destructive fire of musketry from our rear and right which killed and wounded more of our men than the firing from our front. Colonel Ryan had been to the left, and on his way to the right he called out, "Captain Cribben, go at once to the rear and ascertain where this firing comes from. Find Colonel Jenkins of the second line, and if his men are shooting, tell him to have them stop firing, as their fire is killing more of our men than the bullets of the enemy."

I started on a run through the woods to the rear to execute the order and soon found the second line of battle, which was hugging the earth as closely as possible and not firing a shot, and Colonel Jenkins replied to my inquiry by telling me that his men were suffering from the same fire from the rear. I continued my way to the rear to find where the firing came from. My route from the second line in the direction of the firing lay through a thick tamarack undergrowth where the bullets flew thick and fast, cutting the dry tamarack twigs and branches and setting them whirling through the air until it became alive with them, and my eyes were filled with the fine particles of twigs and bark. I was compelled to sit down on the ground about fifty feet from the edge of the opening in our rear to clear my eyesight. When I was ready to move on with a clear vision, I looked through

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to the clearing and beheld a sight that made my blood run cold for there in plain view was a Confederate line of battle which was deliberately loading and firing into the backs of our men, apparently without any opposition.

EFFORTS TO ESCAPE FROM THE TRAP.

I quickly returned to my regiment and reported the facts to Colonel Ryan and Major Stark, both of whom were killed at Spottsylvania three days later, but who were then together at the center of the regiment. Ryan remarked very emphatically that the Pennsylvania and the regular troops had either failed to come up on our right or had been driven back, and that we must get out at once, moving by the left flank under cover of the timber until we reached the south end of the opening, and then move to the rear under cover and take up a new position on the line held by our troops, saying at the same time that the woods south of the turnpike were clear of rebel troops; and he again ordered me to present his compliments to Colonel Jenkins, commanding the 146th New York, which was lying down in our rear, and request him to move his regiment forward on our line promptly and follow our regiment off the field by the left flank, and to tell him that we were in a trap and must get out at once or be captured. He ordered Major Stark to proceed to the right of the regiment and be prepared to move it by the left flank the moment the 146th came up, and have

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them follow us as quickly as possible. The major and myself started off together, he to the right and I for the right and rear to execute the order given by Colonel Ryan. We had not proceeded more than fifty feet and had not separated when I was wounded in the thigh and thrown violently to the ground. The Major picked me up, asking if I were badly wounded; after shaking my leg, I replied that I thought no bones were broken and it was only a flesh wound. He said: "You get off the field at once while you can or you will not be able to do so in a short time; I will see that Colonel Jenkins is notified to move his regiment up at once." I acted on his advice and left the field, starting through the tamarack to cross the opening on the south line of the wooded copse skirting the road, never thinking for a moment that I was moving within range of the rebel infantrymen in our rear whom I had discovered, but I was forcibly reminded of it the moment I hobbled into the open space beyond, using my sword and scabbard as a support, for they gave me a volley which fortunately missed me. While they were reloading I made a short race for life diagonally across the opening in a southeasterly direction, every jump carrying me farther from the fire of the enemy, and when I saw the first gun raised to fire I dropped to the ground. By accident my face turned toward the enemy, and the bullets fired by my rebel friends went into the earth close to where I lay, throwing the dirt into my face and eyes. My next run

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was for a lone tree about fifteen inches in diameter that stood about three-fourths of the way across the opening. This effort was made on the run and jump, each jump being at least five feet—I sincerely wished I could leap twenty feet to each jump—and when I reached this point I felt I was out of danger. I had been there but a short time, resting at the foot of the tree, when the bullets fired by the enemy in the woods south of the turnpike struck the tree over my head, coming from a point where only a few moments before Colonel Ryan had said there was not a rebel in sight. I then made for the woods, which I reached in safety.

A UNION BATTERY FIRES INTO THE UNION RANKS.

As I passed into the road from the tamarack copse, I saw two Napoleon guns—which I afterward learned were a section of Battery D, First New York Artillery—go flying into position in the rear of my regiment, and they instantly opened fire without a word to any member of my regiment which was fighting the enemy in the woods in their front. The gunners fired two shots from their pieces. The shot went plowing through our ranks, killing and wounding our own men, and badly demoralizing the heroes who were stemming the tidal wave of bullets which was pouring in upon them from their front and rear.

I was informed that this section of artillery was in command of a captain and a lieutenant who were captured by the rebels before they

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could recross the open space in their rear. They must have lost their heads when they deliberately opened fire into the backs of their own troops, as they must have known that our men were fighting the enemy in the woods by the heavy fire of musketry that echoed through the timber copse where they were captured.

After firing two shots they found the Minie balls were flying so thick and fast that they limbered and tried to get back across the fateful opening. But they failed and were captured. Almost every horse was killed. The two guns, which were about midway of the opening, were fought over by both skirmish-lines for three days, and under cover of darkness were hauled away by the rebel troops.

In this connection I desire to say that Lieutenant W. H. Shelton, who was second in command of this section of artillery, in an article written by himself and published in the Century Magazine, October, 1890, p. 931, makes the following statement, his words being given by me verbatim:

We dashed down the road at a trot, the cannoneers running beside their pieces. At the center of the field we crossed by a wooden bridge over a deep, dry ditch, and came rapidly into position at the side of the turnpike and facing the thicket. As the cannoneers were not all up, the captain and I dismounted and lent a hand in swinging round the heavy trails. The air was full of Minie balls, some whistling by like mad hornets, and others, partly spent, humming like big nails. One of the latter struck my knee with force enough to

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wound to the bone without penetrating the grained-leather bootleg. In front of us the ground rose into the timber where our infantry was engaged. It was madness to continue firing here, for my shot must first plow through our own lines before reaching the enemy. So after one discharge the captain ordered the limbers to the rear, and the section started back at a gallop. My horse was cut on the flanks, and his plunging, with my disabled knee, delayed me in mounting, and prevented my seeing why the carriages kept to the grass instead of getting upon the roadway. When I overtook the guns they had come to a forced halt at the dry ditch, now full of skulkers, an angle of which cut the way to the bridge. Brief as the interval had been, not a man of my command was in sight. The lead horse of the gun team at my side had been shot and was reeling in the harness. Slipping to the ground, I untoggled one trace at the collar to release him, and had placed my hand on the other when I heard the demand "Surrender!" and turning found in my face two big pistols in the hands of an Alabama colonel. "Give me that sword," said he. I pressed the clasp and let it fall to the ground, where it remained. The colonel had taken me by the right arm, and as we turned towards the road I took in the whole situation at a glance. My chestnut horse and the captain's bald-faced brown were dashing frantically against the long, swaying gun teams. By the bridge stood a company of 61st Alabama infantry in butternut suits and slouch hats, shooting straggling and wounded Zouaves from a Pennsylvania brigade as they appeared in groups of two or three on the road in front. The colonel as he handed me over to his men ordered his troops to take what prisoners they could and to cease firing. The guns which we were

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forced to abandon were a bone of contention until they were secured by the enemy on the third day, at which time but one of the twenty-four team horses was living.

The foregoing is very interesting reading to the men who were in front of those guns. Its writer says that not one of his men was in sight, but he fails to state what became of them. No doubt they were killed, wounded, or captured as he himself was, or else they ran away to save themselves. And, strange to relate, this officer, who could not see one of his own artillerymen anywhere in sight, could plainly see the ravine filled with skulkers. I am afraid the gentleman was somewhat nervous and excited over trying to get his guns out of that hornets' nest, and he could not tell a dead or a wounded man from a skulker, for this ravine was well-filled with the dead and the wounded when I crossed it on my way across the opening. Just as my regiment reached this ravine on the charge, it received a heavy fire of musketry, killing several and wounding many more who were not able to get out of the ditch; and large numbers of the wounded in the woods, in going to the rear, hobbled to the ravine, could get no farther, and fell into the hands of the enemy. That ravine was not a safe place for skulkers; the bullets flew too thick and fast for the health of the professional skulker and coffee cooler; and the Zouaves he speaks of as belonging to a Pennsylvania brigade, were the dead and the wounded of the 140th and the 146th New York Zouaves.

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THE RETURN TO THE CAMP.

When I reached the woods I found Captain Gransen of my regiment, who had been badly wounded in the leg early in the fight, sitting at the base of a tree. I told him he must get out of there at once or he would be captured. He said he could not go a step farther as he was completely worn out by getting as far as he was. Seeing the sergeant of the stretcher-bearers of our brigade in the woods, I called for him by name to come up, and we placed Captain Gransen on a stretcher and had him taken to the hospital at the Wilderness Tavern. I then went in search of our temporary field hospital, which was located in the woods on the north side of the turnpike, and reached it worn out with fatigue and pain from my wound. I found Dr. Lord of my regiment in charge. He asked me where I was wounded, and before I could reply the rebel bullets came flying through the woods where the hospital was located. The doctor requested me to get all the men together who were able to walk and take them to the rear. There were some thirty who could walk, and I led them across the road into the woods on the south side; and when well under cover I moved them to the rear by easy stages until we reached the point we started from in the morning.

At this point, where we crossed the road to our camp of the night before, we found General Grant with three or four staff-officers looking up the road in the direction of

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the firing. He asked me to what regiment the wounded men belonged. I gave him the desired information, and told him they had been driven out of the temporary field hospital by rebel musketry.

A FUTILE SACRIFICE.

In the course of an hour the remnant of the 140th New York, with its colonel and its major, gathered at the piles of knapsacks. The battle that had opened under such favorable auspices for it had accomplished no real good, while it cost the sacrifice of more than half of that gallant body of men—the result of the failure of the troops on our right to come up to our support. But further comment on this point is unnecessary as many similar organizations made equal sacrifices, with no better results, on that day and the next two days in the Wilderness. What was left of my regiment threw up breastworks on the new line on the afternoon of the fifth of May, and held itself in readiness to respond to any call that might be made upon it.

A FIRE HORROR.

The following day was exceedingly hot, and fire broke out in many places on the field of battle in that dense forest. It spread rapidly over the ground between the two armies, burning the bodies of the dead, and proving fatal to many hundreds of our wounded who could not crawl away or drag themselves by their hands out of the line of fire as it traveled through the woods.

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THE LOSS SUSTAINED BY THE 140TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

The 140th New York took into the fight on the morning of the fifth of May twenty-five officers, including the colonel, the major, the adjutant, nineteen captains and lieutenants—these constituting the company officers of the regiment—and three non-commissioned staff, and 504 men with muskets, making a total of 529. The picket and knapsack guards, numbering fifty-two men, did not get into the fight. The regiment lost in killed, wounded and missing, eleven company officers and 254 enlisted men—a total of 265—or more than fifty per cent of the actual number engaged in the fight.

CONCLUSION.

Thus it fell to the lot of the 140th Regiment of New York Volunteers to open the struggle in the Wilderness. That conflict comprised a number of hard-fought battles, in all of which the 140th New York performed its part. The struggle continued for more than a month and is known in history as General Grant's Overland Campaign from the Wilderness to Richmond by the way of Petersburg.

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Capture, Imprisonment, and Escape.

Before daylight of the fourth day of May, 1864, the Army of the Potomac broke camp on the line of the Rappahannock River in Virginia, and marched southward to meet the rebel army which was encamped on the south side of the Rapidan River. The cavalry, under the command of the gallant Sheridan, took the advance, and soon cleared the fords of the Rapidan of the rebel pickets. The 5th Corps, of which I was a humble member, following closely on the heels of the cavalry and being followed closely by the 6th Corps, crossed at Germania Ford; the 2nd Corps, with the wagon-trains, crossed farther to the left at Ely's Ford.

A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL SHERIDAN.

I cannot refrain at this point from paying a slight tribute to the memory of the heroic soldier, General Philip H. Sheridan, who commanded the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. He came to us as a comparative stranger from the Western Army, but we were not long in becoming acquainted with him, and we soon found that he possessed a thorough knowledge of both arms of the service, the infantry and the cavalry. He had the ability and the courage to fight either or both together to the best advantage, and he

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achieved victory after victory, seldom, if ever, meeting with defeat. His soldierly ability was fully demonstrated when he cut loose from our army and made his raid in the rear of the rebels, for he destroyed their railroads, captured their wagon-trains, recaptured hundreds of our own men who were on their way to Richmond as prisoners of war, and finally defeated and routed the rebel cavalry, killing General Stuart, one of the ablest cavalry officers in the rebel service, within sight of the rebel capital. His brilliant victories over the rebel army, commanded by General Early, in the Shenandoah Valley, and the destruction of General Lee's army at Dinwiddie, Five Forks, Sailor's Creek and Appomattox, are deeds not surpassed by those of any general of ancient or modern times.

BOTH ARMIES ABLY COMMANDED.

Both armies were ably commanded; and they were not strangers to each other, having met in deadly conflict on many hard-fought fields, and each had learned by experience to respect the fighting qualities of the other. It became necessary for us to advance with caution.

FEDERALS ADVANCE CAUTIOUSLY.

The 9th Corps, commanded by General Burnside, which had joined us about the time the movement began, was left behind to guard the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which was to be used for the transportation of our

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supplies until the army changed its base of operations. General Warren, being in the advance, marched his corps some five miles into the Wilderness. He was joined on his right by two divisions, and on his left by one division of the 6th Corps. The 2nd Corps came up during the night and took a position still farther to the left on what is known as the Brock Road.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

The next three days witnessed the Battle of the Wilderness, in which I was wounded in the thigh; it was a flesh wound and I was able to remove the bullet with my knife. I remained on the field, preferring to take my chances with the army rather than go to the hospital, which was then located at Fredericksburg, some fifteen miles from the battlefield. The fight was considered a draw, neither side being whipped, but both armies were severely punished in killed and wounded.

FLANK MOVEMENTS TO THE LEFT.

At this point the Army of the Potomac made its first of a series of flank movements to the left, in the direction of the city of Richmond, fighting on the way the battles of Todd's Tavern, Spottsylvania Court House, Guiney's Station, North Anna River, Hanover, and Totopotomy, reaching the position on the right of Cold Harbor on the evening of the first of June.

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ON THE SKIRMISH-LINE.

On the morning of June 2, I was detailed to go out on the skirmish-line with some sixty members of my regiment. When I reported at brigade headquarters, where the detail was organized, I found that I was second senior officer of the detachment. We relieved the Maryland brigade skirmishers, who had been driven in early in the morning after their failure to retake the ground formerly occupied by them. We were at once ordered to drive the rebel skirmishers out of the rifle-pits which had been captured from the Marylanders. We went forward with a whoop, drove the Johnnies out of the rifle-pits and into a road which ran nearly parallel with our line. We found an embankment on each side which was planted on top with a species of cedar. We reversed the rifle-pits and strengthened them until they were fully equal to an ordinary field-work.

At this time the 9th Corps had joined the army and was on our right; the 2nd and the 6th Corps were on our left; and the rebel works, with a heavy skirmish line, were in our immediate front.

The rebels seemed determined to retake the ground from which we had driven them; they made two serious attempts to drive us out during the afternoon, but they were repulsed each time.

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A NIGHT ATTACK BY THE CONFEDERATES.

Under cover of darkness that night the rebels stole through what we considered was an impassable swamp on our extreme right, got between us and the skirmishers of the 9th Corps, and attacked our line from both front and rear. The musketry fire was so heavy that I thought it was a night attack on the 9th Corps. I was located on the left of the line, and Captain Eggmeyer of the 12th Regulars was on the right.

Captain Eggmeyer quickly changed front to meet the enemy, and drove them through the swamp and back to their lines along the road. When the attack was made upon his right, he sent for me to join him at once, but when I arrived I found that he and three of his men had been killed, and five others wounded. I had the dead and the wounded taken to our breastworks in our rear, and assumed command of the line, extending it into the swamp some distance to the right.

THE SURPRISED SIX.

While placing my skirmishers quietly in position, I heard men disputing with each other in my rear and still further to my right. I felt satisfied that they were a part of the rebels who had made the night attack, and that they had struck an impassable part of the swamp when they were driven back. I took eight men and crawled quietly toward them. I found they had a small fire in a hole

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in the ground, and it gave sufficient light for us to see their number. When we got within about one hundred yards of them, I gave the command, "Aim!" The eight pieces were at once brought to bear upon the light in the ground, and the rebels immediately cried out, "We surrender." Six prisoners were taken to the rear.

THE SKIRMISH-LINES IN 1864.

Our skirmish-lines in 1864 were heavy, often consisting of a single file of men, and when a position was secured breastworks were thrown up for the protection of the men, which very often greatly assisted in the repulse of the enemy in their attacks, either by night or by day.

FINDING THE ENEMY IN FORCE.

After I had sent the prisoners to the rear, General Ayres, who commanded our division, sent one of his aides out on the line, who ordered me to move my skirmishers forward until we found the enemy in force. I told him that if he would go with me to the left of the skirmish-line I would show him by moonlight the enemy in full force inside of their line of earthworks, and also show him their skirmishers occupying rifle-pits in the open field and directly in front and connecting with those which were in the road opposite the center and the right of our present line. I asked him if General Ayres had been out on any part of the skirmish-line during the

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day. He said the General had not been out since morning, when the Maryland men were driven in. The aide then said that he did not care to go to the left with me through the woods, as his duty was performed when he gave me General Ayres' order to advance and find the enemy. Having had one night attack, with the loss of one officer and three men killed and five men wounded, we did not crave any more of that kind of fighting that night, preferring to wait until daylight. I told the aide frankly my feelings, and also stated that I did not think it wise to make such a move at that time of night. He told me that the order was imperative. I asked him if he would accompany the line in the forward movement, saying to him that I would like to have him take charge of the left of the skirmish-line, as Captain Eggmeyer's death had left that end of the line without an officer. He respectfully declined to do so, as he had no such orders, and it was not a part of his duty. I told him that it was his duty to remain and see that the enemy was found in force so that he could make an intelligent report of our action to General Ayres. This he agreed to do, after some hesitation, and I requested him to follow me to a safe place for observation when the attack was made; and I took him to the left of the line, where he at first refused to go, and placed him behind a tree—a safe place when there was no fighting going on, but not very desirable when the leaden bullets began to fly from the rebel rifle-pits on our left.

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It was a beautiful moonlight night. I selected about 140 men, moved them out of the rifle-pits, formed them in single file under cover at the edge of the timber, and quietly informed them what was to be done—to charge across the opening and drive the rebel skirmishers from behind the natural breastworks on the roadside, and push them into their works. To accomplish this object without serious loss I told them we must move quietly and quickly across the field in our front, and I ordered them to fire and yell at the same time when we gained the embankment at the road. When ready I stepped to the front in the moonlight, swung my sabre with a flourish over my head in plain view of the aide-de-camp behind the tree on our left, and gave in a low tone of voice the command, "Forward! double quick! march!" We went flying across the opening, and secured the road embankment, completely surprising the rebel skirmishers, who, when the yell agreed upon was heard, broke and ran without firing a shot, not stopping until they got within their breastworks. We opened fire on the rebel works and kept it up for some time, or until the long roll began to beat inside preparatory to their driving us off the road. Thinking our stay there would be of short duration, I looked to the rear to see that there was nothing to obstruct our passage back to the woods. Imagine my surprise to see coming across the opening from the timber, running at the top of his speed, a man who had his hat in his hand and who was yelling at the top of his voice, "Fall back to the

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woods! You are bringing on a general engagement," and who proved to be no less a personage than the aide-de-camp whom I had left behind the tree on the left of our line. I asked him if he thought we had yet found the enemy in force. He answered that he was fully satisfied. We scampered back to our old line without the loss of a man. When the rebel artillery opened on us I felt confident that General Ayres was satisfied we had found the enemy in force. The batteries kept up the fire about twenty minutes.

A GENERAL ATTACK.

The following morning the troops were concentrated on our extreme left and center for the purpose of driving back the rebel right, and a general attack was made along the entire line. It was only partly successful, and during the forenoon the 9th and 5th Corps fell back from the line of breastworks preparatory to another move to the left, strengthening the skirmish-line with more men and one additional officer to take the place of Captain Eggmeyer, and bringing more ammunition for the men. The officer was Captain Fletcher, of the 17th regulars, who, being my senior, assumed command at once of the line, and told me that his orders were to hold the same at all hazards until night, when we were to withdraw under cover of the darkness. Shortly after his arrival, the ammunition having been distributed, we took a walk along the line, examining the positions. On reaching the

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extreme left, which was the closest to the rebel works, we saw troops moving to their right in the rear of their line of earthworks, which proved to be a division of infantry which was moving to attack the right of the 9th Corps, which was the extreme right of our army at that time. In the course of two or three hours we heard heavy musketry firing in the direction of the right, which to my mind was easily explained by the movement of the enemy to the right in the morning. The firing seemed to increase, and it kept coming nearer to us. My senior, becoming alarmed at the outlook, went to the rear for orders, and to secure if possible assistance to repel the expected attack on our right and rear, leaving me in command. What became of him I do not know for I have never seen him since that memorable day.

Before Captain Fletcher left I assured him that I would hold the line at all hazards unless greatly outnumbered, in which case I should fall back toward the left in the direction our troops had gone. I then went to the right, withdrawing my men from the swamp, changing front to the rear, and extending my men to the first line of our breastworks, strengthening my line at that point by men taken from the front and left. In a short time the best gunners of the 9th Corps' skirmishers appeared, and I posted behind trees as many of them as were willing to remain, facing them in the direction of the firing. I had about 600 men in line of my own brigade and those of the 9th Corps, and having my choice of positions

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I determined to try hard to check for a time at least the apparently easy march of the rebel troops who were coming down on our right. We did not have long to wait, for the head column of Dole's brigade appeared in the distance on the right of the rebel line, somewhat in advance of the left which had farther to travel. When they came within range we opened fire on what appeared to be an unorganized mass, checking them with the first volley, and in a few minutes they became panic-stricken and fell back under cover of the timber to reform. Very soon a general officer appeared on horseback in the opening. He was very much excited. He had a sabre in one hand and a pistol in the other, and he tried to drive his men before him. We poured upon them a shower of bullets, one of them striking General Dole, who fell from his horse badly wounded. The enemy began to gain ground on us at our right and rear, and we began to fall back from tree to tree until we gained a small hill. We had three such hills to pass over, and we determined to check the rebels until we reached the road at the extreme left of our line, on which the enemy had placed a section of artillery the night before. After we had retired to the left of our old line I believed the hazard spoken of to Captain Fletcher had arrived as I found the enemy on our right were not only not meeting any opposition but were somewhat near my rear, so I decided to cross the road and move to the left through the timber in the direction which our troops had taken. I formed my men in

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close order under cover of the woods, skirted the road out of sight of the enemy, crossed the road on the run, taking the men in charge of the artillery by surprise, and got nicely into the woods on the opposite side, when the shells came flying down the road, plowing through the brush and the dirt, but too late to do us any harm. We did not travel far through the woods to the left before we met the 11th regulars, which was the left regiment of our own brigade, returning to our assistance, and I was told by Captain Cooley, its commander, that the entire brigade was moving into position to check the rebels, and he requested me to throw my men forward in his front again, move to the right, and try to cover the brigade front. I told him that that was impossible as the enemy was coming down astride of both lines of our own works and extending quite a distance to the rear, and I urged upon him the necessity of sending word to General Winthrop, the brigade commander, of this fact, or they would be whipped before they could get fairly into the fight. He called one of his sergeants and gave him orders to go at once and inform the General that the enemy was coming down both of our old lines of breastworks, and to ask him to change front quickly, and also to say that we would conform to the new line when it was established.

The sergeant started off on the run toward the right to find the brigade commander, but I regret to say that he did not reach him in time to prevent the slaughter of the three regiments on the right of the brigade, my own

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being one of the number. I deployed my men quickly and moved forward, supported by the 11th regulars and the regiment on its right. We soon met the rebel advance, and drove them back upon their main line; but in this forward movement I had eight men wounded, two of them seriously, all of whom we got off the field in safety. We held the enemy in check at this point, the 11th regulars coming up. We took position in line with them. In a very short time we heard a terrible clatter of musketry off to our right and rear. The enemy had struck the right of our brigade in the flank and rear, doubling it up on its center in confusion. At the suggestion of the commander of the 11th regulars I moved my men forward and more to the left to cover his left flank, and meeting with but little opposition I pushed forward with confidence in the ability of my brigade to drive back the rebels if it had a fair chance by being properly put into the fight. The brigade was composed of ten regiments—six of regulars and four of volunteers—and it was formerly the old 2nd division of the 5th Corps, but on the consolidation of the 1st Corps with the 5th it was formed into one brigade.

Having advanced our line some distance into the timber, I found that we were moving over the same ground we had fought over but a short time before. Looking through the woods to my rear I found the 11th regulars were not to be seen but a line of graybacks was in plain view where our troops should have been. As the right of my line extended

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almost to the second line of works, I moved my men still more to the left and over the first line and into the woods in front preparatory to getting out of the trap we were in by getting back to the old skirmish-line, falling back to the left, under cover of the timber, as we had done before, in which undertaking we were successful until we reached the road, where we again met the enemy in superior numbers, and whom we tried hard to dislodge but failed; and they in turn drove us back in the direction whence we came, and we again reached our old line of breastworks, where we met quite a number of our own brigade who were struggling with the rebels behind the second line. Some of my own regiment, seeing me on the outside of the first line of works, came over to where I was, and we made the best use of the little ammunition we had left. Very soon we were enveloped by the enemy who came from the direction of the works in our old front, which up to this time were unoccupied during the fight except by my own skirmishers. The rebels cut off all means of escape, and we were prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

TAKEN PRISONER.

When I realized that we were prisoners, the published accounts in the press of the sufferings of our men in Libby, Belle Isle and Castle Thunder during the winter of 1863 passed vividly before my mind. Feeling that the Confederate government had decided upon

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a thorough and well-defined system of starvation of all who fell into its hands as prisoners of war, I felt at that moment that death on the battlefield had no terror as compared with starvation in a rebel prison.

As soon as I gave up my arms a sergeant and one man started with me to the rear. Their number soon increased to four, the last two no doubt were stragglers who thought it safer to go in that direction than to remain in the front. During this time General Griffin had come up with the rest of the division, and shelled the woods preparatory to making an advance. Our route to the rear had a swamp on one side and heavy timber on the other. The sergeant ordered me to run to get out from under the shells that were at the time dropping thick and fast about us. I told him that I was wounded and could not run. Noticing my limping walk he did not insist upon my running. At this moment three shells dropped into the swamp directly in our front and one a little to our right and rear. When the one in our rear exploded it threw the mud up into the air, which covered me from head to foot on coming down. The sergeant and his men fell flat on their faces in the swamp, and I stepped behind a tree on my left. The firing increased, the shot and shell dropping into the swamp like so many partridges alighting on the ground.

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A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

As my rebel friends were hugging the swamp in the small bushes, it occurred to me to make a break for liberty, and just as three shells came screaming through the air I started through the woods at the top of my speed, the game leg notwithstanding. I ran for about 200 yards and got behind a tree for a few moments' rest. Seeing nothing of my friends I started again, keeping the large trees between us as I ran. I finally climbed a tree, got myself nicely seated in the branches and concluded to wait for the darkness and then make my escape.

CAPTURED AGAIN.

Presently I saw a straggling rebel coming from the road on a line with my tree. When he got within about twenty-five yards of me he brought his gun to his shoulder, and aiming it directly at me said, "Yank, you uns better get down, or we uns will make a hole in you." I got down at once, and he took me in the direction of the swamp, only farther to the rear.

A SHAFT THAT WENT HOME.

As soon as we had cleared the swamp we came into an open field. I saw coming toward us two mounted officers who rode up to me. One asked what regiment I belonged to. I told him. The other took my new slouch-hat off my head and put it on his own; he then put his little butternut cap, covered with

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sweat and grease and badly cracked by the sun, on my head. I looked at him earnestly for a moment, and said, "I have certainly been misinformed." He asked me in what respect. I replied that it was understood in our army that the officers of the Confederate army were gentlemen, but I was very sorry to say that I had found them thieves and robbers. To my astonishment he took his cap off my head, put back my own slouch-hat and rode off toward the firing. I afterward sold it to a rebel officer for $200 in Confederate money.

AT GENERAL EWELL'S HEADQUARTERS.

We reached General Ewell's headquarters just before dark, where I met nearly all the men who were with me on the line, beside a number of my own regiment who were captured on the right of our brigade on their return to our support.

AT GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS, AND ARRIVAL AT RICHMOND.

The following morning we were taken to General Lee's headquarters where we remained until about one o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of waiting until all the prisoners along the line were brought together.

We then started for Richmond, where we arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon. The officers were put in Libby Prison, and the enlisted men were put in Castle Thunder and Belle Isle.

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ENTRANCE INTO LIBBY PRISON.

On our arrival at Libby we were taken into the office of the notorious Dick Turner, and ordered to undress so we could be searched. All gold and greenbacks found in our possession were confiscated for the benefit of the rebel government. They gave a receipt for this stolen money, but I never heard that one of the unfortunates ever got a penny back.

THE FORGOTTEN PISTOL.

It came my turn to be searched. I had a single five dollar greenback which I had rolled together and put into my mouth on entering Turner's office. They found nothing they wanted, and I was ordered to dress. My greenback was becoming very moist in my mouth so I was in a great hurry to dress. My clothing was lying on the office railing. I put on my underclothing and trousers, my vest being underneath my jacket. I put on my jacket first, but seeing my vest still hanging on the rail I took off the jacket again and threw it carelessly across the railing, and a small pistol, which had been forgotten by me and overlooked by the officer who searched me, struck the railing sufficiently hard to attract Dick Turner's attention. They searched the many pockets of my jacket again, and found the weapon. It was a small four chambered pistol with three cartridges in it. It was the property of a rebel captain whom I had captured at Spottsylvania, he surrender-

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ing not only the pistol, but a carbine and two boxes of ammunition to fit it. I put the pistol at the time into the center lapel pocket of my Zouave jacket, and had entirely forgotten that I had it in my possession when I gave up my arms on the field at the time of my capture. I explained the matter to Turner, but all to no purpose. The others were sent upstairs and I was told to wait in the office.

MARKS TIME FOUR CONSECUTIVE HOURS.

The rebels at first decided to put me in the dungeon in the cellar, to remain there for a week on bread and water, but finally they resolved to make me mark time four consecutive hours, without rest, and a sentinel with fixed bayonet was detailed to see that the order was properly executed. He was instructed to use the bayonet in case of neglect on my part. I was delighted to escape the dungeon, but when I finished marking time both of my legs, from my feet to my hips, were numb, and I fell prostrate to the floor, exhausted. When I was able to get upon my feet again I was ordered upstairs to join the others who had preceded me. It was then quite dark. When I reached the upper floor I found my comrades sleeping, and I rolled myself in my blanket, lay down upon the floor, and was soon fast asleep.

UNION MEN IN REBEL PRISONS.

At this time there were but few prisoners in Richmond, the close proximity of our army making it necessary to remove them to the in-

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terior. A short time before we arrived the officers were sent to Macon, and the non-commissioned officers and the enlisted men were sent to Andersonville, Ga. The highest number of officers confined at Macon was about 1,750. The largest number of prisoners at Andersonville at any one time was nearly 35,000.

A JOYFUL FEAST IN LIBBY PRISON.

In the morning I found my friends of the day before who had been captured with me; they supposed I had been confined in the dungeon. Rations were issued that morning, and my comrades decided to kill the fatted calf in honor of my narrow escape. They sent the corporal of the inside guard to secure some delicacies, which consisted of a small loaf of white bread and a bunch of young onions. The ration furnished to each prisoner by the rebel authorities was a small piece of black corn bread, partially raw; it looked as if it had been baked in the sun; it was about three inches in diameter and a little more than one inch in thickness. A small bucket of black field peas was set on the floor for each squad of forty men. These articles comprised our daily food allowance while we were in Libby Prison. The black corn bread, the black field peas, the loaf of white bread, and the onions composed the feast to which we sat down that morning to make merry over my narrow escape from the dungeon in the cellar.

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FORTUNATE FINANCIALLY.

Gold and greenbacks were confiscated, but if we possessed Confederate scrip we were allowed to send out and buy something to eat. I was very fortunate in my finances. One of my men, while at the headquarters of General Lee, sold his watch to a rebel officer for $350. He was glad to sell it as he felt sure it would be stolen from him as soon as he fell into the hands of the herd of rebel thieves. He gave me $100 of the Confederate scrip, which I used very sparingly in the purchase of bread and onions while I remained at Hotel de Libby.

THE MURDER OF A LIEUTENANT OF THE 146TH NEW YORK.

About noon of the first day of our arrival at Libby we were formed in line to be counted, and we were then told by the officer in charge of the counting squad not to approach within three feet of the iron grated windows as the sentinels outside had orders to shoot anyone caught looking out through the bars. Many of us thought that this order was given to prevent our tampering with the iron bars. Some experimented, and found it was a reality and not an idle threat. A lieutenant of the 146th New York thoughtlessly walked up to one of the windows and looked out over the James River. He was shot in the head and taken to the hospital where he died the next day. We were told by one of the inside guards that his murderer was promoted to a ser-

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geancy and given a furlough—rewarded for killing an unarmed Union officer.

THE PRESS NEWS.

We remained in Libby Prison about three weeks. Our time was spent in trying to eat the prison food, and in writing to our friends at home. We received a few daily papers, and usually they told of the defeat of General Grant's army in every move made to break through the Confederate lines at Cold Harbor and vicinity.

One of the papers gave a very graphic account of our arrival in the city of Richmond. It also gave a very vivid description of myself, setting me forth as a gaunt, long-legged and blood-thirsty appearing Zoo Zoo officer, who, after his capture, had escaped from the guards having him in charge, and got nicely settled in a tree, but was seen by a lynx-eyed Confederate who brought him down at the muzzle of his gun, to the chagrin of the blood-thirsty Yankee Zoo Zoo, and he had finally arrived at Libby, covered with mud and mire, having the appearance of a man who had been drawn through the Chickahominy swamp by a mule.

REMOVAL TO OGLETHORPE PRISON.

About June 21 we were taken from Libby, hustled into box freight-cars, taken to Danville, Va., and placed in a warehouse, where we were kept two days; then we were again loaded into the freight-cars and started for

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Oglethorpe Prison at Macon, Ga., where we arrived at daylight on June 26. The wound which I received at the Wilderness was neglected during the campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, and it became very troublesome and painful; I felt alarmed about it, fearing gangrene would set in. The officer in command of the train, seeing I was lame, kindly furnished me with a stick to help myself along. When we reached Macon we were obliged to march quite a distance to the prison from the place where we were unloaded from the train. On our arrival we had to wait in line in the lane or street leading to the gate to register at headquarters. Being very much exhausted I was granted permission by the officer in command to step out of the ranks and sit down on a piece of timber at the side of the road. I had been seated but a moment when a rebel lieutenant ordered me back into the line. I explained to him my condition, and told him that the captain in command had given me permission to sit there until the column moved forward. With an oath he called me a liar. I replied, "If I am a liar you must be a gentleman." Then he struck me a terrific blow on the head with his revolver, knocking me insensible.

"FRESH FISH."

When I came to my senses I found that my comrades had gone into the prison, and I was hustled into the prison office to enter my name, regiment, company, and rank on the

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records of the prison, and then I was turned loose inside with those who had preceded me.

On entering the stockade at Macon it seemed as though the infernal regions had been let loose; a thousand or more men were yelling at the top of their voices, "Fresh fish, fresh fish, where were you captured? What is the latest news from the front?" Those who were on the outside of the circle could not hear the answers of the newcomers to the questions, and they would yell out, "Give him air! Say, don't put that bug down his neck!" I turned away with feelings of disgust. Seeing an officer with shoulder-straps I asked him to direct me to the officers' headquarters. Instead of answering me in a gentlemanly manner he set up a head-splitting yell. The crowd gathered around us, and he created a great deal of merriment at my expense by yelling to the crowd that this "fresh fish" wanted to know where he could find the officers' headquarters, and he offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to show me the elephant. I quickly learned that they were all officers, and that the strange conduct which I had just witnessed was a practice in use to initiate fresh arrivals.

A DESCRIPTION OF OGLETHORPE PRISON.

Oglethorpe Prison contained about two acres of ground. It was enclosed by a stockade, about sixteen feet high, with a walk-line near the top on the outside for the guards.

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On the south side was a platform, built on a level with the top of the stockade, and placed thereon was a section of artillery. The guns, double-shotted with canister, were ready for use should the prisoners by any concert of action make an attempt to escape. The center of the ground was occupied by a wooden building, about thirty-five feet by seventy-five in size, and a long open shed. These structures comprised all the buildings for shelter inside the stockade. All the sleeping room was taken up by the "Old Salt Fish." When we arrived we were given mother earth for a bed and the canopy of heaven for a covering, with nothing to protect us from the drenching rains and the scorching heat of the sun. Fifteen feet inside the walls was a low picket-fence, running around the four sides of the prison. This was known as "the dead-line," and to be found outside of this line was certain death.

LIFE IN OGLETHORPE PRISON.

When night came we began to look for an unoccupied spot to lie down to sleep. We found all the good spots about the main building had been taken up by the "Old Settlers," heads in and toes out. After prospecting for some time we found an unoccupied spot, and quietly spreading our blankets we were soon asleep.

In the morning we awoke refreshed by our night's rest, folded our blankets, and began to look for something to eat. We got a rather impromptu breakfast of corn bread, and some

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parched corn-meal bran, borrowed from an old friend whom we found among the "Salt Fish." We made coffee of the bran, and this was our first hot drink since we were captured some four weeks before. The next morning there were issued five days' rations, which consisted of one and one-half pints of corn-meal with the bran—and oftentimes the cob was partially ground in it—for each day; a piece of rusty, rancid bacon, which was an unknown quantity in avoirdupois being less than one inch square. The rice and the salt rations were so small that we were compelled to issue the full five days' rations of them at once. Of rice we received three spoonfuls and of salt one spoonful for the five days. These were our rations from the Confederate government during our stay at Macon; and from the time of my capture in June, until we reached Savannah in September, I was hungry all the time.

The prisoners were divided into squads of one hundred, and I was selected to act as squad commissary. The duty of a squad commissary was to draw the rations from the general commissary, who was one of our own number, and distribute them equally to each member or mess of the squad. The rice, the salt, and the bacon could be divided to the fraction of an ounce, but not so the corn-meal, which was issued in a tin cup, and notwithstanding the utmost care there would be a little over or a little under; so it became necessary to create a surplus to draw from when it ran short: this was accomplished by put-

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ting the meal that ran over into the surplus fund. The surplus fund also had requisitions made upon it by hungry members who were furnished with a moiety of the meal in the surplus if an investigation by the commissary showed them to be worthy.

The water we used for drinking and cooking purposes was secured from a small creek which had its rise in a spring outside the stockade. A short distance below this point we performed our morning ablutions and washed our clothing. The stream farther down formed a miniature pond; over this pond was erected a scaffold on which were laid planks, and here the demands of nature were complied with. At the north end of this pond, which held the accumulated filth, was a gate hinged at one end and fastened by a chain and padlock. About once a week this gate was opened to allow the filth to escape down the creek to the Ocmulgee River, which was but a short distance from the stockade.

A DIVE TO LIBERTY.

While I was in the neighborhood of the scaffold, one afternoon, a prisoner came and sat down on the bank of the pond near the gate. He had with him a small bundle, and I asked him if he were about to wash his clothes. He replied that I would know all about it if I would get out of the way, which I did in short meter, and I had only gotten fairly started when he made a dive into the filth and water, seized the gate at the lower

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corner, wrenched it from the lower hinge, turned it up at an angle of forty-five degrees, went through the stockade, and followed the creek to the Ocmulgee River. The guards on both sides of the stockade fired at him, but, strange to say, they did not hit him, and he made his escape. They put the hounds upon his track, but the dogs could not follow him as he kept in the middle of the creek through the woods. As they never brought him back to prison, I concluded that he must have gotten through to our lines.

A BLACKBERRY PUDDING IN HONOR OF LIEUTENANT SHANNON.

We had fresh arrivals daily from the Eastern and the Western armies, one of whom was Lieutenant Shannon of my own regiment. He was left as dead on the field at the Wilderness, being shot through the body, the ball shattering two of his front ribs on entering and two of his back ribs on going out. After the fight he was reported as having been killed in action, and his wife mourned him as dead. We gave him a royal welcome. We purchased a quart of blackberries at a cost of fifteen dollars, and made a boiled pudding of corn-meal and berries. Not having a bag in which to cook it, one of our mess tore off the lower part of a leg of his drawers, which we washed and boiled thoroughly before adopting as one of our cooking utensils. We then filled it, tied it tight at both ends, and boiled the pudding. It was a dinner fit for a king,

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only there was not enough of it to satisfy our hunger.

Lieutenant Shannon in the course of time after the war took up his residence in Chicago, and enjoyed very fair health for a man who had had a Minie ball pass through his body.

A TUNNEL FAILURE.

While in Macon I made one attempt with a companion to dig out under the stockade. Armed with a piece of a hinge and a tin plate we went through the dead-line near the pond, having loosened two of the pickets the night before. The night was dark, and it was threatening rain. We began to work at once directly under the sentinel, who walked his beat of about forty feet on the top on the outside. We found the digging a little hard at first, but after getting through the crust it was very easy sailing. Using the hinge to loosen the earth, and the tin plate for a shovel, we dug quite a hole, when the sound of distant thunder warned us of our danger from the slightest flash of lightning which was sure to follow; so we put the dirt back into the hole, leveled it off, and passed quickly back through the dead-line at the same place where we went out, and with nervous anxiety got back into prison, when the dark sky over our heads was made bright by a flash of lightning that revealed every object inside the stockade. Had the storm held off for another hour we would have been under the fence, provided we were not detected by the

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sentinel over our heads. We never afterward made an attempt in that manner to get out, as it was too hazardous. If discovered, our rashness meant the suffering of the penalty.

A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

We decided to celebrate the Fourth of July by holding a grand mass-meeting in the main building. Speeches were made by Colonel McCrary of Ia., Captain Ives of Rochester, N. Y., and others. A miniature American flag was displayed, and the crowd became wild with enthusiasm. Cheer after cheer went up from the building, those on the outside joining, and we all became frenzied over the little Old Flag. The rebel authorities were badly frightened; they trained the artillery on the building, and threatened to open on the crowd with canister if we did not disperse. Since they had the power to compel us, we adjourned the meeting under protest, but the results of that meeting they could not destroy; we were all inspired with a new zeal to uphold, maintain and defend that grand Old Flag against the attacks of traitors and rebels, being fully satisfied of the justice of our cause, the final triumph of our army, and the downfall of the rebel government.

BOUND FOR CHARLESTON. ESCAPE PREVENTED.

After General Sherman's army had captured Atlanta and he had started General Stoneman and General Kilpatrick on their raid in the di-

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rection of Macon and Andersonville, the rebel authorities became anxious for our safety, and concluded to move us to the city of Charleston, S. C.

Many of the men in prison had formed a league and had elected officers for each hundred, and a commander for all. Being informed in advance of the contemplated move to Charleston, it was decided to capture the first two trains, which were to follow each other closely, at Pocotaligo bridge. The arms in the hands of the guards were to be taken, and the sentinels were to be held as prisoners. We were to cut the telegraph wires between Charleston and Savannah, take the locomotives and disable them, capture the engineers and the firemen, and march for Beaufort Island. But the officer in command failed to perform his duty. He did not give the signal at the appointed time, alleging as his reason that he was prevented by the field officers who were in the car with him and who were not members of the league. The failure created loud talk among our officers on the train, and the rebel officers, becoming aware that some scheme was on foot, telegraphed back to stop the second train at Savannah. However, about one hundred or more made their escape in the vicinity of Pocotaligo.

IN THE MARINE HOSPITAL YARD AT SAVANNAH.

Our train was unloaded at Savannah, and we were confined in the Marine Hospital yard, which was surrounded by a high brick wall,

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with a sentry box at every thirty feet on the top. We were guarded by the 1st Georgia Regiment, Colonel Anderson commanding. We were closely guarded, but we received good treatment at the hands of the officers and the men. The quality and the quantity of our food were very much improved. We received two-thirds of a soldier's full rations, which furnished us with plenty to eat, and we soon accumulated a supply of rice and corn-meal which the rebel officers agreed to sell for us, but we never realized on our investment as we were taken to Charleston before the sale was made.

EFFORTS TO ESCAPE BY TUNNELING.

The first night in the Savannah Prison, or as soon as it was dark, two of our associates dug out under the high board fence which separated the hospital from the prison, got safely over the brick wall, and made their escape in the direction of the Ogeechee River, having been informed that our gunboats patrolled the Ossabaw Sound along the coast. One of them was recaptured while breakfasting on the young ears of corn in a corn-field near the river, and was brought back to prison.

Two tunnels were started at once on our arrival. Shovels had been left on the ground by the rebels, who changed the yard into a prison, and these were confiscated by our comrades. One of the tunnels was started from a deserted vault in the prison which was used for storing the earth taken from the tunnel.

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The digging was easy, the ground being composed of sand. The tunnel was ready to open the fifth night after our arrival. There was a great deal of hustle and hurry on the sixth day to cook food to take along on the journey. We were again doomed to disappointment, for during the afternoon a heavy rain fell, and the quicksand filled the tunnel completely. From appearances you could not tell that there had ever been a hole dug at that point, although one had been made which was large enough for any man in the prison to crawl through on his hands and knees.

The second tunnel was completed in about twelve days, at which time it was decided to open it, and thereupon a hole through the top of the ground was made sufficiently large to permit a man's head to pass upward. It was then found that we had a line of sentinels, not on the walls alone as we had supposed, but also on the ground outside, surrounding the prison and within four feet of the opening which had been made in the tunnel. The comrade, whose duty it was to open the hole, reported what he had found, and it was decided to cross the street and open the tunnel into a small park on the opposite side. The hole on the surface was nicely stopped, the patch being covered with dust of the same color as the earth at the top of the opening. But there was still another disappointment in store for us after working all night in the tunnel, carrying it some three feet beyond the sentinels' line of march, and bracing it nicely at that point, for during the night a cow got be-

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tween the sentinels and the prison walls; eating grass as she wandered along, she finally reached the tunnel, and in crossing it the earth gave way beneath her weight. As she was unable to extricate herself from the pit into which she had fallen, the guards were called to assist in getting her out of the hole.

The following day the press of Savannah published the incident with a great flourish of trumpets, saying that Providence in bovine form, had saved the fair women of Savannah from the vile embraces of the "nigger-loving Yankee officers" who were about to escape through a tunnel.

IN PRISON AT CHARLESTON.

Shortly after our failure to tunnel out of the Savannah Prison, we were again loaded into freight-cars and started for Charleston, S. C. Quite a number made their escape between Savannah and Charleston. Almost every prisoner was the possessor of a common table-knife, and a fine saw was made out of the back or the blunt edge of the blade which was used for the double purpose of cutting the small quantities of meat and sawing out the ends of freight-cars. On our arrival at Charleston we were confined in the jail-yard. The food furnished us was fair in quality, but the quantity was reduced to less than one-half of what we received at Savannah. We managed, however, to get along, as the authorities permitted some very philanthropic rebels, who had large quantities of Confederate

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money, to visit us for the purpose of converting it into greenbacks and gold. They generously offered to furnish us six dollars in Confederate script for one greenback dollar, we giving them an order on the paymaster of the Union army and a power of attorney to collect the same in our names. At this time Confederate money was selling on the Southern market at eighty-five dollars for one dollar in gold. We did not hesitate to accept the very generous offer of the rebel philanthropists although it required the pay of a major-general in our army to buy bread and meat enough to sustain life, and the proof of this assertion is found in these prices which we paid for provisions at that time:

Ham, per pound	$ 19.00
Rump steak, per pound	16.00
Porterhouse steak, per pound	20.00
Bacon, per pound	15.00
Flour, per pint	6.00
Irish potatoes, per bushel	80.00
Sweet potatoes, per bushel	65.00
Blackberries, per quart	15.00
Eggs, per dozen	20.00
Shoes, per pair, according to quality,	$35 to 600.00

HAVOC WROUGHT IN CHARLESTON BY UNION SHELLS.

While we were in the Charleston jail-yard we were under the fire of our own guns on Morris Island, but it troubled our relatives and friends North more than it troubled us.

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When the shells came over the city, we could see them plainly in the daytime, and could trace them at night by the burning fuse. We could hear the shells say to the rebels in audible tones, "Where are you? I am coming. Look out for me when I do explode." These shells made havoc among the people of Charleston, although they denied the fact. We had the opportunity of seeing the ruins on leaving the city for Columbia, as we were marched through some of the principal streets. We saw the effect of the firing of our battery on Morris Island. The ends of many large buildings on Main Street were completely destroyed, and other structures had holes, which had been made by shells and solid shot, sufficiently large to admit an ox-team with a wagon attached.

REMOVAL TO COLUMBIA, S. C.

Our stay at Charleston, like that at Savannah, was not of long duration. When General Sherman, with his numerous family, took up his residence in Atlanta, Charleston was not considered a safe place in which to keep us, and we were moved to Columbia, S. C. On our way to that point a number of our comrades escaped, as usual, from the train. Some of them succeeded in getting through to our lines on the coast, or over the mountains; the others were recaptured and brought back to prison. Some of them were caught by the hounds.

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BITTEN BY BLOODHOUNDS.

Two of our number were brought back badly bitten by the dogs near Columbia. They were put into a wall-tent, in plain view of their comrades in prison, and allowed to lie in agony during the afternoon, without medical aid or assistance. We were told by the officers in command that they were placed there as a warning to those who should attempt to make their escape so that they might see what the consequences would be if they were caught by the bloodhounds.

IN SORGHUM PRISON.

The day after our arrival at Columbia the rebels marched us about four miles out into the country, across the Saluda River, and turned us loose in a piece of land covered with scrub-oaks and small pine-trees, with guard and dead-lines already established. We were told to make ourselves comfortable, but we had nothing with which to do it. A few made bough-houses, while others burrowed into the earth and made dugouts to protect themselves from the winds and storms of October and November. This place was known as "Sorghum Prison," and it will be long remembered by every moneyless prisoner who was compelled to eke out an existence on cornmeal and sorghum molasses.

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GENERAL WINDER AND HIS INHUMAN ORDER.

It was at this time that the notorious rebel, General John H. Winder, then in command of all the military prisons east of the Mississippi in the so-called Confederacy, issued his order that no more meat of any kind should be issued to the officers confined in Sorghum Prison.

This brute in human form is the same person who, when General Stoneman and General Kilpatrick made their raid from Atlanta in the direction of Macon and Andersonville, issued an order to murder the defenseless prisoners when the Union forces came within seven miles of the stockade. This inhuman order made the blood run cold in the veins of many of the rebel officers in his command, and they entered their solemn protest against the execution of such a fiendish design on his part. His reply was, "I will kill the last d—n Yankee in that stockade before Stoneman or Kilpatrick shall release them. God d—n my soul if I wouldn't rather see those 30,000 scoundrels blown to hell than to go to heaven myself."

This order should be known and kept fresh in the memory of every man who took up arms to preserve the life of this nation, and I give it in full:

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*Orders No. 13.
Headquarters Confederate States' Military Prison.

Andersonville, July 27, 1864.

The officers on duty and in charge of the battery of Florida artillery, at the time, will, upon receiving notice that the enemy have approached within seven miles of this post, open fire upon the stockade with grape shot, without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defense.

It is better that the last Federal be exterminated than be permitted to burn and pillage the property of loyal citizens, as they will do, if allowed to make their escape from prison.

W. S. WINDER,
Adjutant General.

By order of
JOHN H. WINDER,
Brigadier General.

This monster in human form was educated at West Point at the expense of the government which he did his utmost to destroy. He murdered thousands of helpless Union prisoners by systematic starvation—a course premeditated by himself and sustained by Jefferson Davis and his cabinet—which was fully proved on the trial of Captain Wirz in Washington by a military commission in 1865.

Murderer Winder dropped dead in the streets of Florence, Alabama, during the month of December, 1864.† He was thus cut

*Treatment of prisoners of war, H. R. 40th Congress, p. 31.

†Nicolay and Hay say that he died of infection received at Andersonville. See their history of Lincoln, Vol. 7, p. 472.—Ed.

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off without a moment's notice to give an account to his God for the brutal murder of the defenseless prisoners under his charge in the rebel prisons of the South. He left the legacy of Cain to his sons, who had aided and abetted him in his crimes by serving on his staff and acting as his accomplices.

THE SUFFERING IN SORGHUM PRISON.

Inside the dead-line of Sorghum Prison the exposure and the pangs of hunger were fast making strong and healthy men wilt into mere skeletons. The one thought uppermost in our minds was to make our escape to the mountains, where we were sure to find friends among the Union men living there. Many of the prisoners in their weakness made the attempt, but they were brought back to suffer, if not to die, in the prison of starvation.

The money we had secured from the rebel philanthropists of Charleston quickly disappeared after our arrival at Sorghum Prison. Our sufferings from the pangs of hunger at Richmond, Danville, Macon, Savannah, and Charleston were not to be compared with our sufferings at this place. We cooked our corn-meal into mush and ate it with sorghum molasses for a change of diet. We made corn-meal pancakes and flavored them with sorghum molasses for still another change. As long as we had money we would buy one-fourth of a pound of bacon and make dumpling soup of corn-meal balls. Four of us would sit

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down and devour about twelve quarts of this kind of soup; then we would lie down immediately to secure as much as we could of the nourishment contained in it, knowing by experience that if we moved around it would go through us like an overdose of Epsom salts. Some may wish to know why we bought bacon to make soup. We did so because we got more meat flavor to the pound from bacon than from any other meat grown in the South, one ounce giving a strong meat flavor to twelve or fourteen quarts of corn-meal dumpling soup.

A WILD BOAR VISITOR.

One morning, providentially or by accident, a wild boar, that had been running in the woods, came into the prison. It was at once attacked by fifty or more hungry men, which number soon increased to 300. The animal was literally cut into pieces with knives and saws as he ran; if the knife did not cut through his tough skin, the saw was used on his back. Finally someone, who possessed a hand-ax, cleft his skull in twain, and laid claim to a part of the head. I secured a small piece of thin flank meat, with bristles and skin, which made us several kettles of soup.

FIRST ESCAPE FROM SORGHUM PRISON.

One very dark night, as I lay sleeping in our bush house, which was located close to the dead-line, I felt something hard come in

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contact with the top of my head, and knowing it was some one's shoe or boot with a foot in it, I sang out, "What are you doing there?" and the answer came back through the bushes in a whisper, "Hush! we are trying to make our escape." My curiosity was at once aroused, and I got up quietly, went to the rear of our bush house, and found men awaiting their turn to go through the line. I took in the situation in a moment, got a piece of corn bread, fell into line with the others, and when our turn came three of us started across the dead-line toward the sentinel. He said we could go, but no more, as he expected a visit from the officer of the guard every moment. Who made the arrangements with the sentinel I never learned, but some twenty got out that night. We followed a creek that ran along the north side of the prison, and traveled from midnight till daylight, when we went into camp about six miles from the prison. As the daylight increased we found that the small pine thicket we were in was not sufficiently provided with small trees to shield us. We set to work and cut down several with our knives, and stuck them into the earth to hide our place of concealment from prying eyes.

About noon a white man and a negro were seen coming in our direction. When they reached the rail fence in our front the white man told the negro to follow the line of fence and drive any top rail stakes which he found loose, and added that he would join him on his return. The white man climbed over the

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fence, and came straight toward our place of concealment. We seriously thought of going out of the timber on the opposite side, but concluded to face the music. He gave us a hearty "Good morning!" and wanted to know if he could render us any assistance. We found him to be a Union man—the only one we ever heard or knew of in South Carolina. He knew who we were, and it was a pleasant surprise to find such a person. We asked him if he could give us the name of any other Union man whom we could meet as we went toward the mountains. He said he could not, but if we were going to the coast he could give us the names of three reliable men. After dark he brought us a basket of provisions, consisting of boiled ham, biscuits, and yam potatoes, and he offered us the use of his negro as a guide to pilot us around Lexington Court House by a road in the woods to the right, so we would avoid going through the town. Should we meet any obstacle on the way, the negro was instructed to take the back track for home, as it would be a bad piece of business for him and his master to be caught in our company.

We started about nine o'clock, and went over the road without molestation for about two hours, when the negro began to look in the darkness for the road which led through the timber to the other side of the town but did not succeed in finding it. We kept going ahead expecting to strike it any moment. When we had almost reached the four corners where two roads crossed, just outside

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Lexington Court House, we were halted by a sentinel. The negro took the back track as though he had been shot out of a gun, and our party was so taken by surprise that each one of us took to the woods on our right in the darkness. The sentinel fired his gun at us, but the birds had flown, and he proved to be a poor shot on the wing in the darkness. He called lustily for the corporal of the guard, who, no doubt, at that time of night, was taking a little nap.

I kept running through the woods until I was exhausted. I then sat down to rest, my clothes being wet to the waist from the water-holes and the wet bushes in the timber. I listened but could not detect the sound of any human being, my presence being known only to some wood birds in the trees over my head; they chattered for a while and then became silent. When I was somewhat rested I started again. The direction was unknown to me, the night being starless and rain threatening, but I finally struck the bank of the Saluda River which I followed up stream. When daylight began to appear in the east, I moved away from the river into the woods. Having matches and being wet with cold, I decided to build a fire and dry my clothing before it would be fairly daylight.

RECAPTURED.

I gathered some dry branches, and having a knife I soon had a fire. Wood was plentiful, and in a short time I had a large bed of coals.

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I found a small log on which to sit, and soon my shoes and stockings were steaming before the fire. Soon after getting settled on the log, I heard twigs breaking in the woods on my right, and I looked in that direction expecting to see one of my comrades, but instead I saw a man approaching with a squirrel rifle on his shoulder, and when he was within about 150 yards of where I was sitting he brought his gun to his shoulder, and ordered me to put on my shoes and stockings. I replied, "Certainly!" and began to put on my shoes and stockings, which were not yet dry. I soon found that he was not alone for in my front and rear two men appeared with shotguns, and I was once more a prisoner. They took me across the Saluda River, allowed me to dry my clothes, which were still wet, and gave me my breakfast. Then they escorted me to the Lexington jail, where they kept me two days, and then I was sent back to Sorghum Prison under guard.

LAYS ANOTHER PLAN TO ESCAPE.

My mind was fully made up to make my escape at the first opportunity, and I began to lay out my plans accordingly. But I had no money, which was very essential for the purchase of food, as well as to satisfy the wants of some of the discontented and homesick guards, who were becoming tired of their duties.

The day after my return to Sorghum Prison, two young hounds strayed into the jail-yard.

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They had been on the trail of two deserters who had left their posts the night before. The animals were soon killed and buried in a deep hole that had been dug for a well but in which we failed to find water. Those engaged in the work were happy when it was completed; they knew that if they were detected they would be punished, but now they felt secure, and expected to enjoy later the delicious meat of the dogs.

When the guards were extended into the heavy timber to allow us to gather wood with which to cook our corn-meal, I made myelf known to two of their number who had allowed us to escape from Sorghum Prison, and they said they would give four of us another chance for a consideration. I told them I was out of money, and they must make the consideration light. They told me to see how much I could raise, and let them know. One of my comrades said he would give $350 in Confederate money, which was all he had, to get out. Another had a hunting case English lever watch, which he would give to get out. I had a friend who had made his escape three times, but was brought back each time, and he wanted to try it again; like myself he had no money, but he had a very good knowledge of the country, which he was willing to place at my disposal as his share of the plunder, and I agreed to accept his offer. I got the faithful sentinels to accept the $350 and the watch, and delivery to them was to be made the next night between the hours of eight and ten o'clock. Although each one of the party was

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told that the utmost secrecy was necessary, nevertheless my comrades could not leave without saying good-by to their friends. During the afternoon I was approached by a prisoner who was located on the west side of the prison; he said to me, "I understand you have made arrangements to go out to-night." I replied that that was news to me, and I asked him who had given him such information. He replied, "Captain Webb, whose watch you have in your pocket, it being his part of the plunder which you are to give to the guard: there are two of us who want to go out with your party, and if you will make the necessary arrangements to get us out, we will give you $1,200 in Confederate money, and you can make the best bargain you can with the guards." Being greatly in need of funds, I accepted his proposal, and agreed to go out on the guard-line that night and make arrangements. This was a very dangerous undertaking, but I was out of money at the time, and, therefore, was willing to attempt it.

A CLOSE PLACE.

When the nights were very dark or rainy the guards were "doubled," as they called it, by putting an extra man between each two old men on the line. About four o'clock that afternoon there was a shower of a very short duration; the sun came out immediately after, clear and bright, and there was not a rain-cloud to be seen anywhere.

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Shortly after eight o'clock, with my five companions watching me, I started on my way across the dead-line. I crawled on my hands and knees, cautiously advancing toward the sentinels where they ought to be on the guard-line. The night was dark, but I could see the traveled path some three feet in my front on which the guard should soon appear, and I laid flat on the ground to await developments, peering through the darkness as best I could. I saw three men talking quietly together on post. I thought the officer of the guard, or the non-commissioned officer, was instructing the guard who would soon move on his rounds about the prison, but I soon found that the guards had been increased on account of the shower in the afternoon. One of the three advanced toward me, and when he began to move I got upon my hands and knees prepared to make a spring if necessary. He challenged me in a loud tone of voice by asking, "Who comes there?" I knew by his voice that he was a stranger, and replied softly, "A friend." He answered, "Stay right where you are or I will put a bullet through your Yankee carcass." Before he finished the sentence the Yankee went flying in the darkness up the guard-line toward the next sentinel, who proved to be one of my friends whom I had been trying to find in the dark. He threw his gun over his head, stock in one hand and barrel in the other, and began running backward as I approached him, at the same time telling me to run back into the prison, and I acted promptly on his advice.

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I soon met all my friends who had seen and heard all that had taken place; one of them stood on the edge of a trench which was filled with water, and when the guard brought his gun to a full cock he became so nervous he fell off the bank into the water.

My experience of that night will never be forgotten. I have been in some very close places in my life, but none equal to that. When that guard challenged me I could feel my old slouch-hat rise on the top of my head, and I actually thought my hair stood on end; the following day I hunted up a piece of a broken looking-glass to ascertain if my hair had turned gray. I could seize the muzzle of his gun when he brought it from his shoulder to a ready. The thought occurred to me instantly to run up the guard-line, and if he fired he was as likely to shoot his own comrade as he was to shoot me. I found out later that that was the reason why he did not fire at me.

My rebel friends were suspected, and they refused to let us go out until the suspicions hanging over them were allayed.

THE HORRORS OF ASYLUM PRISON.

In a few days we were moved to Asylum Prison in the city of Columbia, where we remained during the cold weather. The winter of 1864-1865 was the coldest experienced in the South for thirty years prior to that time. In Asylum Prison I saw at the hour of midnight officers of the Union army go from sink-hole to sink-hole, in which were thrown slops

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and filth of every description, and gather the meatless bones which had been thrown there by the more fortunate who had money with which to buy food, wash them, and make them into soup to satisfy their hunger. I do not possess language to portray adequately our sufferings there from the pangs of hunger; and I am utterly unable to describe the agony of those who were confined at Andersonville, whose misery far exceeded ours and of whom thousands died of starvation and murder.

REMOVAL FROM COLUMBIA.

Early in February, when General Sherman started from Savannah in the direction of North Carolina, our stay in Columbia was suddenly cut short, and we were promptly packed into freight-cars and started again for some place in the interior. While on the train, holes were cut in the ends, sides, and bottoms of the freight-cars. Captain Poole and I cut a hole in the bottom of a car, large enough to pass out. The train while in motion parted very near the middle, leaving our part standing on the track. It was raining and freezing, making it very uncomfortable for the guards on top of the cars. As it was becoming dark, and we expected the return of the locomotive momentarily with the first section of the train that had gone ahead, we got down through the opening in the bottom of the car. Shortly after getting out we heard rebel Captain Wilson call to the guards who were on the top of the cars to come down. Some of them

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were quite young, and they were crying like children from the cold. Thinking that now was our opportunity, we got out on the west side of the train. We thought the Captain was on the east side, but just as we got into the ditch alongside the track he stepped out from between the two cars in front of ours, flashed his lantern on us, and asked us what we were doing there. Poole replied, "We did think of trying to make our escape, but the weather is so bad we think it is hardly worth the effort." Wilson said, "If you are foolish enough to try it on such a night as this, you can go." Thinking he might order the sentinels to fire on us if we started for the woods, we concluded to go back into the car through the door in the side. Poole said to the sentinel at the door that the other cars were crowded and the Captain had told us to come into that car, so we took our station again at the hole in the floor of the car. The locomotive and the first section returned shortly after, and we were soon on our way.

THE LAST ESCAPE.

When we were some miles south of Charlotte, on the morning of February 11, we were unloaded and put into a field which was surrounded on three sides by woods. A dead-line and a guard-line were staked out, and a ration of large hard biscuit was issued to us—the first and the last we saw in Dixie. The guard was extended for wood that afternoon into the timber beyond the creek from which

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we secured our water. This creek ran through a deep cut for some distance, with high perpendicular banks on each side which were covered with thick underbrush. When the guards were drawn in at least fifty prisoners were in hiding along the banks of the creek in the deep cut, and during the night they got away.

On reaching the prison with my load of wood I started for the creek for water while my comrades built a fire. There I found my old rebel friends of Sorghum Prison on guard. They said they had left Columbia in such a hurry that they were without rations and were hungry, and they asked me if I could get them something to eat. I told them I thought I could, and that I would bring it out to them. I procured for them some corn bread and an onion, which they divided between themselves. They thanked me, and asked me if I still wanted to go home as much as ever. I told them I did. Then they told me to be on the lookout between ten and twelve o'clock that night at that point, with my partner, Captain Stevens of the 40th New York. At the appointed time we went to the creek for water, and I asked one of them if it was all right. He said he would ask his partner, who was then approaching. They met and talked a moment; then they told us that that when they met again and turned their backs on each other to move quietly across the creek into the woods, if there was no one there getting water. When they met again and turned to leave each other, one of them said, "Go!" and

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we went for the woods, and struck off in a northwesterly direction by starlight.

JOINED BY COMRADES.

During the night we met a number of those who had gotten away in the afternoon, and Captain Poole of the 122nd New York, Lieutenant J. C. Clark of a Massachusetts regiment, and a captain (whose name I have forgotten) of a West Virginia cavalry regiment, joined our party.

We kept on through the woods in a northwesterly direction following during the night a line between the north and the west star, and, on the appearance of daylight, we filed into the woods and lay down, the weather being clear and cold. We were awakened by the shining of the sun into our faces, got up, moved still farther into the timber, and slept most of the day. About ten o'clock that night we again started on our journey. During the night we struck the old plank road which ran from Columbia to Knoxville.

We had traveled but a few miles when our comrade from West Virginia showed signs of weakness, and we carried him along, one walking on each side of him, hoping he would soon regain his strength. He had been in prison some fifteen or sixteen months, and, having neglected to exercise, he was in no condition to travel. He finally gave out from exhaustion, and we were obliged to leave him at the gate of a plantation at about two o'clock in the morning.

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AN EXCHANGE OF DELICACIES.

We traveled rapidly until daylight, when we turned into the woods and went into camp for the day. Our food was being rapidly exhausted, some of our party being entirely destitute. I still had two onions and a piece of corn bread. Poole being short, I divided with him my corn bread, and he handed me his bone, of which, during the night before, he had promised to give me a bite in the morning. The bone was as white as chalk; there was not a trace of meat upon it. I looked at him in astonishment and asked him what he meant. He answered that I would find some very fine marrow in the shank. I returned him the bone, telling him to keep it for his own use.

DRINKING WAGON TRACK WATER.

So far we had a plentiful supply of water, but we had no means of carrying it along with us. We found no water in the vicinity of our camp during the day, and did not travel many miles the third night before our thirst compelled us to look for water through the woods. But we failed to find any. We were compelled to drink the water out of the wagon tracks by moonlight. The tracks were well-filled by the recent rains. We drank this water several times during the first two hours of our journey; but it soon caused a feverish and weakening sensation. I was soon exhausted and sat down at the root of a large tree to rest, telling the others to go on and I would

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overtake them when I felt better. They went on their way.

A SNOW DIAMOND.

As I sat there with my head against the tree in the beautiful moonlight, I saw something glisten, like a bright diamond, among the trees on the opposite side of the road. This bright object would disappear and then reappear as bright as ever. My curiosity was at once aroused, and when I was rested I went over toward it. As I approached the spot it disappeared again. I stood on the edge of a deep hole in the woods, the bottom of which was covered with black dirt and leaves. I stood there awaiting the return of the phantom diamond, which soon appeared and proved to be a large body of snow which was lying beneath the dirt and the leaves in the hole. I at once cleaned off the dirt and the leaves, and then took out some nice clean snow which I began to eat with a relish. It put new life into me. I made a large snowball, and started on my journey to overtake my comrades, whom I found lying in the corner of a rail fence at the roadside, two of them being asleep and Stevens on guard. I divided my snowball with him, and he agreed to ask the people for something to eat if I would find a house.

"COME IN QUICK, HONEY."

Moving up the road a short distance from where they were lying, I found a trail crossing the road; I followed it, and soon came in sight of a log-cabin in the hollow. As I ap-

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proached a dog came out from the house to greet me, and at the same moment a head appeared in the doorway, and a voice asked, "Who's dar?" Recognizing the voice as belonging to a colored woman, I answered, "One of Massa Lincoln's soldiers—very hungry—can you give him something to eat?" She replied, "Come in quick, honey, while I blow out the light." I advanced cautiously, and found two colored women to whom I quickly told my story, and they said, "Go fetch 'em quick afore the men folks comes home." The log-cabin proved to be a boarding-house for colored men who worked in a foundry which was running day and night about two miles away. On my return to my comrades I found them all asleep in the fence corner. I aroused them, and we hurried to the log-cabin, where we found two large platters filled with hoe-cake, and a plate of fried bacon, awaiting us on the table.

While we were engaged in devouring the hoe-cake and the bacon, five of the boarders appeared on the scene. They were stalwart slaves. When they were told that we had eaten up all the cooked victuals in the house, they said that they could get along until breakfast. One of them went with us to the settlement to get some food to take along with us. He got us a loaf of rye and a loaf of Indian bread, and some three pounds of raw pork. One old colored lady said she had no meat but had some nice cracklings which we could take along. They proved to be a small bag of pork tryings which were quite a delicacy to us

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during the next three days. We procured provisions enough to carry us to the town of Marion, N. C., where our stores were again replenished by the negro blacksmith of the village and his son-in-law.

ANOTHER FRIEND IN EBONY.

It was very near daylight when we approached the town of Marion, and the dogs of the neighborhood came out into the road, seemingly determined to prevent us from going into the village. We took to the woods, the dogs taking after us for some distance when they gave up the chase. It was the Sabbath day. Our camp in the woods lay near a path which led across the country, and a number of white people and negroes passed during the day on their way to and home from church.

Captain Stevens, who was on picket, hailed a negro whom he saw coming across the country alone. As he was suspicious he could not be induced to enter the woods. Stevens went out and made himself known to him, and he agreed to bring us some provisions that night, and also said he would bring his father-in-law. They appeared shortly after dark with a basket of eatables. One of the first things they took out of the basket was a black bottle, which we supposed was well-filled with apple-jack. Poole seized the bottle, drew out the cork, put the bottle to his mouth, took a drink, and then began spitting on the ground. In a whisper we asked him what it was—we dared

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not speak in a loud voice for fear of being discovered. He replied, "Sorghum molasses." They had brought us food enough for supper, and sufficient for the following day. After we ate our supper the young man escorted us around the town, and put us on the road. We thanked him and told him he would soon be free, as President Lincoln had so declared in his Emancipation Proclamation.

THE BITING COLD.

The night was cold and clear, and the roads were fairly good. We got over the ground rapidly. When we went into camp in the morning we felt we had made about twenty-five miles. We postponed our breakfast to as late an hour as possible so our provisions would tide us over until the following night. When night came we started early. We traveled steadily all night without accident. On the first appearance of daylight we turned into the woods. We were weary and wet as we had traveled in water, which was running in the road, for an hour or more. It was a clear, cold morning. The soles were worn off my shoes. Around my shoes rags were wrapped to prevent the sand and the gravel from working into my feet, which were becoming sore from traveling over the wet road. We lay down and were soon asleep. When we were awakened by the heat of the sun, I found that the rags on my feet were a mass of ice, and my feet badly frozen. During the day we fasted, having eaten the last morsel

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of food the night before, and that morsel was anything but a satisfying portion for hungry men who were destined to travel all night over a rough and rugged road.

ENFORCED PHILANTHROPY.

As we were now approaching the mountains, we decided to find food before starting on our journey that night, let the consequences be what they might.

The negroes of the South had a peculiar signal for notifying their friends of their movements, or for announcing the time of starting to any special gathering, such as a sorghum bailing, a dance, or a meeting of any kind. While going through the woods they would sing, "Ka-hay, ka-ha-ya." Hearing the signal very close to us, we started in search of the negro, hoping to reach him before he met his friends and to induce him to get us something to eat. We gained on him in the woods, but on leaving the timber he started across a field which was filled with brush heaps, and he was fast approaching a house in the clearing, the light of which we saw ahead of us. Before we could overtake our supposed negro friend the door opened, and two ladies came walking toward us, saying to the man in our front, "Good evening." When they met us they seemed to be terrified, and they ran back to the house. We quickly followed. Clark acted as guard of the front door, and Poole of the back door; Stevens and I went into the house to nego-

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tiate for something to eat. Each of our party carried a staff about seven feet long and two inches in diameter at the butt end. We found the occupants of the house to be an old gentleman, his wife, a seventeen year old son, whom we had been following through the woods and brush, and the two young ladies who had run at our approach. We asked them if they would kindly furnish us supper, offering to pay liberally for it. The old gentleman replied that he was very sorry for us, but he could not, nor would he, feed the enemies of his country. We tried to reason with him, but it was all to no purpose. We then told him that we would be compelled to take food if it were in the house, if he did not furnish it to us. His wife, who had not spoken since our arrival, called him to the corner in which she was sitting, and induced him to furnish us with something to eat. He asked the number of our party. We increased our number to eight. He looked very anxiously at a squirrel rifle, which was hanging over my head, and then he looked at the staff in my hand. He was told not to think of trying to secure the rifle, that the effort might cost him his life. When supper was prepared Clark and Poole sat down while Stevens and I remained on guard over the old gentleman, his son, and the two young ladies. After we had all eaten they gave us food for the imaginary four who were supposed to be in the woods near the creek across the road, and we requested the old gentleman to go with us to that point, which was the place where we left the road

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that morning, and see our friends, which he willingly agreed to do. When we reached the creek our friends could not be found, and we went up the road in search of them. Our host, on our taking leave of him, said he would on the following day inform the authorities of our presence in the neighborhood. We asked him how far he would have to travel for that purpose, and he told us ten miles in the direction from which we had come. We told him not to make the attempt until after daylight as a large body of our men, some of whom were armed, were following us to the mountains, and if he should fall into their hands they would take him through to our lines, if he did not lose his life. He said he would not start until after breakfast. We thanked him for his kindness, gave him $350 in Confederate money for the food which he had furnished us, and then resumed our journey.

ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS.

We soon reached the base of a low range of mountains. On reaching the top we found the ground covered with at least ten or twelve inches of wet snow, which was frozen on top, but it was not frozen hard enough to bear our weight and we broke through at every step. We found here quite a settlement. The noise we made started the dogs to barking, and they made a terrible fuss over our presence in the neighborhood. We got behind trees and remained there until the dogs re-

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tired. When quiet was again restored, we began a flanking movement to the right, traveling midway of the hills that surrounded the farming land, where it was free from snow.

THE GULCH AND THE BRIERS.

We finally reached a deep gulch with perpendicular walls, their top being covered with the worst species of briers. We found it to be a very easy thing to jump into the gulch, but a very difficult matter to get out. All but Clark got out, whereupon he asked me to help him. I told him to help himself as my hands were still smarting from embracing the briers too lovingly. He threatened to yell if I did not help him out of his dilemma. So I went back; he reached up and I reached down. Seizing his hands with mine, I told him to paddle up the bank with his feet. Just as I commenced to pull the bank gave way, and both of us were piled in a heap at the bottom of the gulch. We pulled the briers out by the roots, and then I pushed him out and followed him. Our friends were nowhere to be seen, and we started for the other end of the pass; on reaching it we found them sitting on a log awaiting our arrival.

THE REBEL TEAMSTERS.

We started with rapid strides down the mountain, keeping well under cover of the trees. The country at this point seemed to be alive with foraging parties which were gathering supplies for the rebel government.

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Having had a full meal for our supper, and having enough food for breakfast, we decided to make the surplus food which we had secured carry us through to the next night. We went for quite a while at a five mile pace. Suddenly we heard voices in our front coming toward us. We ran into the woods, each one getting behind a tree, to let the strangers pass. They proved to be both white and black teamsters with their mules. The loud talk of the teamsters and the noise of the trace-chains prevented them from hearing our running through the dry leaves in the woods.

TWO LOYAL WOMEN.

The second morning after leaving our host at the creek, we filed into the woods with empty haversacks, and lay down to sleep. When night came hunger compelled us to seek food again before starting on our journey. Our camp in the woods overlooked a number of farm houses in the valley below, which we had watched closely during the day, and we selected a house where only women were to be seen moving about. As we approached the house, which was set up on short pieces of sawlogs, a large hound came out from underneath to dispute our passage, and we prepared to give him a warm reception with our poles; just then the door was opened, and a female voice asked who was there and what was wanted. Captain Stevens replied that we were hungry and wanted something to eat. She ordered the dog off and told us

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to come in. When the candles were lighted, four ragged, hungry officers of the Union army were looking into the eyes of the first white friends of the Union whom we had met on the journey. They were a mother and her daughter whose names I have forgotten, my diary, which I kept on the road, being lost after I returned home.

We were soon seated at the table, which was spread with cold ham, warm potatoes, good bread and butter, preserves and coffee made of rye. While we were eating supper the rain began to fall in torrents, and they insisted upon our sleeping in the house over night or until the rain ceased. We refused to do so, knowing that if we were discovered it would bring them into trouble, their neighbors being arch-rebels. We told them we would sleep in the barn until the rain subsided, and that for fear of being detected upon their premises, we would go into the woods in the morning, at which time they could send us out something to eat. We started for the woods at daylight, while it was still raining. Our breakfast was sent to us in a basket, and we sat down at the foot of a large tree and ate it with great satisfaction.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

There lived some three miles away an uncle of the young lady who brought our breakfast into the woods. His name was John Williams. On seeing our condition she said she

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would go after him as she thought he could do something to help us. We protested against her going in the rain; she would not listen to our advice, and went at once through the woods. Being on picket I was on the lookout for their return. At a distance I saw them coming. Before reaching me they left the path and started for the spot where she had left us some four hours before. My companions were sleeping in the rain, and not caring to have them awakened I tried to head off the uncle and his niece, but failed. They reached the spot before I did. On seeing my companions, who were sleeping in a sitting posture at the base of a large tree, the man stopped short, joined his hands together in an attitude of prayer, and looking up into the heavens said, "O Lord, my God, look with mercy upon these my countrymen, who, for doing their duty in defense of their country, are hunted through the woods like wild beasts." The tears ran down his cheeks like rain.

It was agreed that we would go to his house after dark, and he promised to have supper ready for us on our arrival. He also promised to have his lantern burning on the porch of his house. To reach the house we had to cross a mill-race on a foot-bridge which had but a single hand-rail. When I started to cross I looked in the dark for the rail, lost my balance and fell into the water. They fished me out quickly, and we were soon inside the house before a cheerful fire, where I remained until my clothing was thoroughly

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dry. After supper, the rain having ceased, we decided to continue our journey, and Mr. John Williams saddled his horse to take us around the town of Morgantown. Just as we got fairly started the rain poured down in sheets, and he turned around, halted at the door of his house, and told us to enter quickly as he would not turn a dog out on such a night as that. He had beds made up for us, but we refused to sleep in his house, telling him that we would make ourselves very comfortable in his haymow until the storm was over. He went out and pitched up the hay from the center of the mow, making a snug place for us to rest, and there we remained four nights, during which time it rained incessantly. He brought us a basket of food both morning and evening during our stay, and visited with us daily. The fifth night we started again, accompanied by Mr. Williams. The rain had so softened the ground that it was unsafe for him to ride his horse in the darkness, and we therefore insisted upon his returning home, which he did very reluctantly.

IN DEEP DISTRESS.

We soon came to a schoolhouse where a meeting of some kind was being held. We soon left it in our rear and struck out for the road. About the time we reached the road the meeting adjourned, and a number of those who were in attendance started home on the road in our rear. We went quickly into a yard close to a house, and lay down in

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the corner of a tight board fence until they passed. This was a very windy night, and I began to feel sick from the exposure of the last twenty days in the months of February and March. The mud was very deep, and it worked in at the bottom of my shoes and out over the top—a condition which was anything but pleasant to a sick man. With my teeth set in my head I was fully determined to follow my comrades or die in the attempt.

BEFRIENDED BY A REBEL CAPTAIN.

We started early that night. Not far from the village we came to a house located some distance back from the road. The front door was open, a fire was burning on the hearth, and a man was seated at the table eating his supper. We moved by with as little noise as possible, and when we had cleared the house by some hundred yards we began to run in the mud, which was very near ankle deep. We ran until we were exhausted. In passing the house we saw the man at the table turn his head to look at us. He finished his supper and followed us, catching up with us where the road ran through a heavy wood. Not being able to keep pace with my comrades, I was bringing up the rear. Hearing a tramp, tramp, tramp in the mud behind me, I called the attention of my comrades to the fact that some one was coming. We concluded to face the music and see who he was. He proved to be Captain John Fletcher of the 39th North Carolina on his way home at

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Asheville, N. C., on a leave of absence from General Lee's army. He asked me where we were going, and I answered, "To Rutherfordton." He said that we were not on the road to that place, and he did not believe we wanted to go there; he also said he knew who we were, and, as far as he was concerned, he was disposed to help us on our way over the mountains. He also said that he had met three of our comrades, who, having been recaptured, were going back to prison under guard. When we were satisfied that we could trust him we told him the route which we intended to take over the mountains, and he told us we would certainly be captured as all the gaps in that neighborhood were guarded. He advised us to go farther to the right, and to cross over at Indian Grove or Singed Cat gaps. He said that we had a straight road after crossing Muddy River, which lay about six miles to our right from the four corners which we would soon reach on the road. When we reached the corners he said he would go with us to Muddy River as it was badly swollen and hard to cross, and he knew of a bridge which it would be difficult for us to find in the dark. As we traveled along the road the dogs came out to meet us; the rebel captain would drive them off, and he would often go into the houses along the road to ask for information while we kept moving along in the mud. As he was a good traveler he would soon overtake us. Finally we reached the river. It was full to overflowing and could not be forded. He led us down the left bank,

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about a mile or more, and found the bridge. The approach to the bridge from our side had been washed away. He waded into the stream up to his armpits and found strips of board nailed to the trestle which were used as a ladder for getting to the top of the bridge. He climbed to the top and we soon followed. After crossing to the other side he bade us good-by, first taking our addresses. He told us he would be obliged to go to the point where the roads crossed to get the one which led to his home in Asheville. We gave him our sincere thanks for his kindness. He asked us if we intended to rejoin our commands on our return home. We told him we did. He then said he would feel fully compensated for his trouble if we would treat him as a man should he be taken by any one of us as a prisoner of war, saying at the same time that our treatment by the Confederate government was inhuman and a disgrace to civilization. We each assured him of humane treatment in case of his capture by any one of us. He bade us good-by, and then went back over Muddy River and the very muddy road over which we had come.

CAMPING IN THE WOODS, AND FORDING RIVERS.

Shortly after starting on our journey we found the commissary agents with their wagons in camp near the roadside in a field. We flanked them to the right. After we had traveled a few miles farther we went into

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camp in the woods, having been well supplied with food by Mr. Williams the night before. My comrades fared sumptuously on the following day, and we started out early the following night. About midnight of March 6 we reached the Catawba River which we were to cross near the entrance to Buck Creek. The stream was badly swollen and the water was very cold; ice was running in the water. We forded the river with our underclothing on our persons, carrying our outside clothing on our heads. On reaching the opposite side we wrung out our undergarments and put them on our persons again with the dry clothing on the outside. Then we found the road which led from the ford, and started on. About a mile from where we crossed the road forked to the right and to the left, the left road leading across a large and turbulent stream and the right road running at the base of one of the Buck Mountains. We decided to take the road which led to the right. In a distance of less than two miles we came to a river, deep and wide, and we could find no fording place. After failing repeatedly to cross we went into camp in the woods near the stream so as to locate the ford should anyone cross during the next day.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A FALLING OAK.

It began to rain very hard. Our inside clothing was wet from fording the stream, and our outside clothing, which we had taken

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pains to keep dry, was fast becoming soaked. We selected a spot, spread our blankets, and were digging a trench to carry off the water from the place where our heads would rest when Stevens, who was also looking for a spot, asserted that we did not have fall enough to carry off the water, and said also that he had found just the place we needed. So we moved about a hundred feet farther into the woods. We lay down, and my companions, who were worn out, were soon asleep. I was feeling quite sick. The pains in my bowels were increasing rapidly, and I could not sleep. While lying there awake, a loud crash occurred close by, and it brought us all to our feet. Not a word escaped our lips for a minute or more when Stevens whispered, "What is it?" I said that it was a tree close by which had fallen under the wind and the weight of the rain. We started out to look for the cause of the disturbance. We found nearly one-half of the large oak, under which we had at first spread our blankets, covering the very spot on which we were planning to lie down. We all had a very narrow escape from death or from being maimed for life. We thanked Providence that we had allowed the judgment of Captain Stevens to prevail upon us to change our location.

SICK UNTO DEATH.

We ran around a large oak tree to get our blood into circulation, and then we moved up the mountain, where we concluded to build a

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fire, which was our first attempt at fire building although we had then been on the road twenty-three days.

When the fire was built, and the necessary wood secured, it was daylight, and I dropped down by the fire. For the first time my companions seemed to think that I was really sick. They built a shelter with my wet, thread-bare blanket close to the fire and wrapped me in the other two wet blankets. I lay there with my feet in the ashes. I was a very sick man. I told them that if I did not get help they must leave me at some house in the neighborhood, and when they got through, which I knew they would as we were then only about ninety miles from our troops on the French Broad River in Tennessee, to write to my family and tell them that I had been left at the junction of Buck Creek with the Catawba River. They went to work and made red pepper tea which they gave me to drink. It was so hot it blistered my mouth and throat. It brought no relief. They renewed their efforts with a fresh dose of the same medicine, only it was stronger than the first, but I could not retain it. While lying there in intense suffering I heard someone, whose voice was strange to me, talking to my comrades near by, and sick as I was I got up to see him. He proved to be a negro whose master had seen the smoke of our fire curling up over the trees on the top of the mountain. Having never known what it was to be sick since I was old enough to remember, I was in hopes that the fire and the pepper tea would bring me around all right, but I was

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disappointed. After dark they carried me down the mountain to the house of the negro's master, who proved to be a rebel deserter. They made a bed for me on the floor with my feet against the fire. Captain Stevens acted as nurse. Then I was given more red pepper tea. I was also given black pepper tea, sweet flag tea, and finally Castile soap tea. After supper Poole and Clark remained in the dining-room to entertain our host and his two daughters, while Captain Stevens and the negro acted as nurses for the sick. My comrades decided to remain over night on my account, our host promising to pilot them to a Union man's house over the mountains the following day. We were all to sleep in the room in which I lay.

When bedtime arrived Poole and Clark stopped on their way to their corner on the floor to ask me how I felt. I told them that I did not think I could live until morning unless I could find relief of some kind very soon. This statement startled Captain Poole, and he got down on the floor by my side and felt my pulse; then he put his hand on my forehead, and pronounced me to be a very sick man. He asked Stevens what he had done for me. Stevens told him. They then put my feet into a dish of scalding hot water, keeping them there for twenty-five minutes or more. Poole and Clark then for the first time realized that I was indeed sick. Poole remarked that I had inflammation of the bowels; he also said that he had read medicine before going into the army and so he knew of something that would

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either help or possibly kill me, and it was something which could be procured in any part of that country. I told him to try it and I would take the chances as I would surely die before morning unless something was done to bring relief. He then told me that it was the external application of spirits of turpentine to my bowels. He woke up our host and his two daughters and asked them if they had any turpentine in the house. They answered in the negative. When the case was explained to them the man went to the house of one neighbor and the two girls went to the home of another in search of turpentine. In the meantime Poole searched every cupboard and closet in the house for the article. Not finding it he came into the room where I lay, got a chair, and went hunting about the room near the ceiling, where he at last found a bottle which was hanging in the corner and was covered with cobwebs. He took the bottle down, and found that it contained spirits of turpentine. He at once set to work to apply it to me externally, rubbing it in with his hands. I yelled with pain. I thought he was rubbing me with a brick. I told him not to kill me but to rub it in with his hands. He rubbed in all there was in the bottle, which was about a pint, and I could feel it passing through my system and along my spine. Immediately after the application I went to sleep. When I awoke in the morning I found the inflammation was broken up into small square blocks whereas before it was one solid mass. When breakfast was ready my companions sat down

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to the table. My breakfast was sent into the room where I lay; it was very inviting but I could not touch it. I sipped a little of the coffee, which was made of rye. When breakfast was over my comrades started on their journey, leaving me behind with our host who promised them to send me forward by easy marches when I was able to travel, enlisting the aid of Union men who were to be found all along the route.

REFUSES TO BE LEFT BEHIND.

Immediately after the departure of my comrades the colored man came into the room to look after my comfort and replenish the fire. I asked him where my comrades were. He answered that they were gone, and that I was to follow them when I was able. I told him that I was very thankful to his master, to the family and to himself for the kindness shown me, but that I was determined to follow my comrades. Seizing my staff, which was standing against the wall, I started, the negro accompanying me until we came in sight of my companions who were climbing up the mountain. With my jaws firmly set I began the ascent. When my friends were nearing the top, one of them looked down and saw me struggling about half way up; they then sat down and waited for me. When I reached them I sat down with them.

It was a bright morning, and the sun, which had been hidden for days, came out in all his glory. They tried to prevail upon me to re-

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turn, telling me what our host had agreed to do for me, but I insisted that I was well enough to travel and would try hard to keep up with them and not retard their progress. I told them that if I were unable to continue they could go on and leave me, but I could not think of stopping with our friend in a rebel neighborhood, he himself being compelled to hide in the mountains to avoid capture and not daring to show his face at home during daylight.

ROLLS DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

When they saw that I was determined to go, we started down the side of the mountain. At the first step which I took downward I fell on my face in some bushes. I got up and made two more attempts, but I found that it was impossible for me to walk downhill as my bowels seemed to want to leave my body every time my foot touched the earth. I therefore concluded to try to roll down the mountain side. Placing both my hands across my bowels to prevent them from getting away, I started to roll, reaching the bottom before my more fortunate companions. The guide pointed out the next hill which we were to climb, and I started upward, moving slowly. On reaching the top I sat down to rest for a few moments; then I started to roll down into the valley below, keeping ahead of my companions. I rolled downhill five consecutive times. At last we reached the bridle-path

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which led up Buck Creek, whereupon our guide left us, returning home.

HALTED AT THE MUZZLE OF A RIFLE.

We then started for Mr. Elliott's home, which was some three miles up the creek. For quite a distance the path ascended, and I therefore got along very comfortably. On reaching the top of the ascent we were halted at the muzzle of a Sharp's rifle by a man who came from the opposite direction. He ordered one of us to advance. Captain Stevens, who still wore his shoulder-straps, went forward and told him who we were. He thereupon lowered his rifle, and said that we could all advance. On taking my first step down the incline I fell upon my face. Poole and Clark picked me up, and helped me to the spot where the man was standing, each of them taking me by an arm. He proved to be a Union man, and he was on his way to the mill with a grist, accompanied by his wife and boy, the latter being with the grist on the back of an ox. He was armed with a Sharp's rifle, two Colt's revolvers in a belt, one being on each hip, and a large knife which was in the center of his back. Some of the grists which had been sent to the mill by Union men had been confiscated by the rebels, and he was going to take a position in the woods within rifle-range of the mill, and should they undertake to confiscate his grist he was determined that they should pay the penalty. He told us of a path through the field which led to Mr.

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Elliott's house, where we could travel on a level and be less likely to meet any person who would give the rebels information of our presence in the valley.

AT MR. ELLIOTT'S HOME.

We arrived at Mr. Elliott's house about four o'clock in the afternoon. He gave us a warm welcome. When he took my hand he looked at me in amazement for I was covered with mud, my eyes were sunken, and my weight was 116 pounds avoirdupois. He remarked that I looked like death on legs, and that I must be a very sick man. I told him of my sufferings during the past week, and of my rolling down the mountains. He said that we were in a safe place, and that we would better remain with him a few days. I was willing, provided he could induce the others to remain, which he succeeded in doing. It was agreed that we would rest there four or five days. When I got the mud scraped off my clothing, and had washed my face, I felt refreshed. Mrs. Elliott got supper ready.

COLONEL SILVERS OF THE REBEL ARMY.

When we were about to enter the house we saw storm-clouds gathering in the west, and while we were watching them we saw four horsemen approaching. On reaching the stile which was on the west side of the house, one of the horsemen dismounted; his horse was led around the base of the hill by another horse-

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man. The man who had dismounted proved to be Colonel Silvers of the rebel army, and he was on his way to Marion to take the train. He had been home on a leave of absence from Hood's army; the three men with him were his rebel neighbors who were acting as his escort. When he approached the house his sabre was dragging at his heels, and his pistol was in his belt. We were standing in line in front of the house, and gave him a military salute, which he returned. Captain Stevens asked him to what regiment he belonged, and as near as I can recollect he replied, "The 34th North Carolina of General Hood's army." In return he asked Stevens to what regiment he belonged, and Stevens replied, "To the 16th Tennessee of General Lee's army," and then he added that we had been prisoners at Johnson's Island, had made our escape, and were going home to Greeneville. The color seemed to come and go in the Colonel's face. Not caring to question us further, he asked for Mr. Elliott. At that time Mr. Elliott was caring for his stock and therefore had not seen Colonel Silvers. On being summoned, Mr. Elliott came up smiling and extended his hand to the Colonel, who asked him if he could keep his friends and himself over night. Mr. Elliott answered that he was very sorry to say that he could not, but that his brother, who lived less than a mile down the creek, had ample accommodations and would be glad to entertain him and his friends. The Colonel started for the east gate and we went in to supper. Before Mr. Elliott could

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join us at the table, the Colonel called to him to come to him in the bushes which were midway between the house and the gate. From my seat at the table I could see them both. The Colonel seemed very much excited over something, but Mr. Elliott kept very cool. They soon parted. At once Mr. Elliott went to the rear of the pork-house where he began to cut wood. As I was not able to eat anything, I merely sipped some coffee made of rye; then I left the table, and went out to see what the trouble was. Mr. Elliott said that we must get out of the valley that night, and he related what the Colonel had said to him which was that we were not Confederates but officers in command of a foraging party from General Gillam's command, and were running horses and cattle into the Union lines; that, as he supposed, we were operating on the main road which he had left, and had come down Buck Creek bridle-path to avoid his party; and, further, that there was no doubt our men were then close by in camp in the Buck Mountains. When Mr. Elliott found that the Colonel took that view of the case he began to show great fear for his horses and cattle, and he asked the Colonel to advise him as to what he should do. It was decided by the two that instead of Captain Silvers and his escort remaining over night with Mr. Elliott's brother, they would get supper there, secure a guide, and go to Carson's mills where a battalion of cavalry was stationed; and then they would return by the main road and capture us. If we gave any signal or showed any

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resistance we were to be shot down like dogs. Mr. Elliott sent word to his brother to procure a reliable guide for the Colonel—one who would see to it that the Colonel and his party got well-soaked by swimming the swollen waters of Buck Creek, which stream they had to cross three different times before reaching the mill at the ford. The wood which Mr. Elliott cut proved to be pitch-pine for torches to be used on our journey that night over the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Mr. Elliott went into the house, and put some hard-boiled eggs and biscuit into his pockets, and when Colonel Silvers was out of sight we started up the Blue Ridge Mountains.

AT THE CABIN ON THE MOUNTAIN.

On reaching the top of the mountain we halted near a cabin. The rain was pouring down in torrents. Mr. Elliott told us to remain there until he whistled. In a short time the whistle sounded, and two torches appeared in the darkness. As we approached the rear corner of the cabin out filed seventeen rebel soldiers, with their carbines in their hands. It does not begin to express our feeling to say that we were surprised: we were astounded, and thought we had been led into a trap. For a moment silence reigned supreme, neither party speaking a word, while the two men who were holding the torches were grinning with delight at our mutual surprise. One of the rebels asked us if we were going home.

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Stevens replied that we were if we could get there; and then he asked them where they were going, to which they answered, "We are going home to Georgia." They were all deserters from Vaughn's cavalry in East Tennessee, fourteen of them being from one company and three from another; they were making their way home along the top of the Blue Ridge. They would be in jeopardy if Colonel Silvers carried out his threat. Since this point was where the bridle-path left the main road on the top of the mountain, it became necessary for them to move into a safer place. Mr. Elliott then took them in charge and led them to an old deserted cabin which was higher up the mountain. The man who lived in the first cabin took us by torchlight to the South Toe River.

ACUTE SUFFERING.

It is difficult for me to describe my sufferings during that journey. Fourteen different times I went through water from my knees to my waist. Finally I forded the South Toe River—a very rapid stream—with the water encircling my neck, fine shore-ice running in the current. Each one of us was obliged to take the depth with his fording pole before taking a step while crossing the ford. On our way to the river I gave up to die on three different occasions, my comrades going on and leaving me, but when they came to the crossing of a mountain stream they missed me and came back after me.

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AT THE HOME OF MRS. HOLT.

After crossing the river we traveled about half a mile to Mrs. Holt's house. Her husband was a scout in the Union army which was operating in east Tennessee. When she ascertained who we were she opened the door and bade us welcome to her home. We were wet and shaking with the cold. The water was still running from our clothing. She threw some tinder on the large fire-logs in the fireplace, and we were soon standing before a blaze. We kept turning before that fire until we had steamed ourselves dry. When we were dry Mrs. Holt spread her feather bed before the fire for us to sleep on, and we immediately lay down and were soon asleep.

About daylight I was awakened by a man who shook me and said that he wanted me to get up. I looked at him for a moment, and then I told him that he was the ugliest looking man I had ever beheld. He said that he was as ugly as he looked, which fact we would find out in due time. I sat up. Mrs. Holt had gone, but her children were still in bed. I also found that our guide had gone. This ugly looking man had a coon-skin cap, the head being used for a peak, and a shaggy beard that grew close to his eyes. In his hand he grasped a squirrel rifle; over his shoulder hung a powder-horn; in his belt he carried two large revolvers and a huge knife in a leather case. I told him that I was sick almost unto death, and if he would hand me my staff, which stood in the corner, I would get

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up. He was about to do as I had requested when Mrs. Holt appeared in the doorway with an armful of kindling wood. She called him by name and bade him good morning, and then I remarked that he was not quite as bad as he had tried to make me believe. He said that our guide had gone to his house before daylight and then to his father's house up the river, and had sent him after us.

THE JOURNEY RESUMED.

We ate breakfast with Mrs. Holt, and then we started for the house of the father of this ugly looking stranger, the people there having been notified by our former guide of our coming. When we reached our destination we found breakfast ready, and the folks insisted upon our eating again. Here we met two brothers of the shaggy guide, one being a lieutenant in General Lee's army and the other a sergeant in Colonel Silvers' regiment. The sergeant had deserted, and the lieutenant was home on leave and intended to stay.

The brothers went with us to a Mr. Cox's place on Crab Tree Creek—a small settlement near the North Toe River. We found the river very high and running wild. The boats in the neighborhood had been carried down the stream, and it was not safe for man or beast to cross at that time; so we decided to wait for the river to subside. Three days afterward we crossed it on horseback, swimming the animals through the rapid mountain torrent, and reached Dr. Ward's house that night in time for supper.

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After supper Dr. Ward procured a guide for us, and we traveled toward Greasy Cove, reaching that point about daylight. We slept during the day. At 3 P. M. we started on our journey. We reached Ward's Stand about 5 P. M., and took supper at the house of a miller near Sherar's Cove, which was quite a large settlement of rebels. The majority of the male inhabitants were members of a guerrilla band of freebooters who plundered, robbed, and often murdered their former friends and neighbors who had the courage of their convictions and remained true to the Old Flag.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LOYAL BORDER PEOPLE.

The people of the North know very little of the ravages of the late war beyond the death of near and dear friends, who placed their lives upon the altar of their country, and the thousands of crippled comrades in their midst.

Along the borders of Tennessee and North Carolina, where both armies operated, the guerrillas made the homes of the Union men unlivable. They stole everything which the loyal people possessed; they drove off their cattle and hogs, and took their fodder. They even took the clothing off the backs of the men, and the shoes off the feet of the mothers and the children in midwinter. Men had to flee into the fastnesses of the mountains for safety. Despite all this suffering they re-

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mained true to the Union to the end. Their fidelity brought them painful and memorable experiences. They should have a warm place in the heart of every person of the North who loves his country.

SAFE AT LAST.

From the miller's house we went to the home of a Mr. Holt, who was a brother-in-law of the lady with whom we stopped at the South Toe River. He was not at home, being compelled to hide in the woods. We remained in his house over night, going into the woods the next morning at daylight. During the day Mrs. Holt sent word to her husband of our presence, and he piloted us that night to a point within five miles of the French Broad River, where we expected to strike our forces which were up the valley seeking supplies for the army that was operating in the vicinity of Knoxville. About noon of the following day we started under cover of the woods for Vedder's Mills, where our troops were encamped, and arrived there in the afternoon about three o'clock.

While we were in prison we had often heard the loyal Tennessee officers speak very kindly of Colonel Patterson of the 1st Tennessee infantry, so we hunted him up, feeling that we would be treated well by him and be furnished a square meal of hardtack and coffee. Imagine our surprise when he informed us that they were entirely out of rations. He said that the teams had gone to the brigade

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headquarters, three miles down the river, for rations, and that if we would stay he would be glad to give us a square meal of hardtack, beefsteak and coffee; but we concluded to go straight to headquarters, which we did, and there we were hospitably entertained by the staff officers until we drew our own rations the next morning.

Shortly after procuring our rations we were told that a wagon-train was to start for Knoxville that morning with an escort of cavalry, and we concluded to go with the train. All the wagons were ordered to be taken to a landing some two miles down the river, and each of us got into an empty one. After going but a short distance in the wagon I found that I could not ride in it when the mules were driven faster than a walk; so I called to the driver to stop and let me out. I then caught hold of the chains at the rear and tried to run behind; but in this I was disappointed. Thereupon, I let go of the chains and walked to the landing on the river, where we found a fleet of thirteen flatboats, loaded with corn, wheat, bacon, oats, and hay, ready to push off and go down the river to Knoxville. My comrades, who had arrived at the landing before me, had formed the acquaintance of Captain Pettit, the commodore of the fleet, and had accepted his invitation to ride in his boat to Knoxville. Captain Pettit was a brother-in-law of Colonel Silvers, the rebel officer, whom we met at Buck Creek.

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ARRIVES AT KNOXVILLE.

We arrived at Knoxville on the seventeenth of March—St. Patrick's Day—in the afternoon, and were immediately sent to the hospital, where we were furnished baths and clean underclothing. A clothing merchant furnished each one of us a uniform suit throughout and forty dollars in money, taking therefor our notes payable in thirty days, there being no paymaster in Knoxville at the time. We could not telegraph home to our friends as the wires between Knoxville and Nashville had been cut by the rebel cavalry. On securing our transportation we received orders from Provost-Marshall Trowbridge to proceed to Washington and report to the Adjutant-General.

AT NASHVILLE AND LOUISVILLE.

When we got to Nashville we found a paymaster, but he had no money. Then we started for Louisville, and on arriving there we were more fortunate, securing two months' pay. General Palmer, who commanded the Department of Kentucky, kindly gave us orders to proceed to our homes, and report to the Adjutant-General by letter.

AT HOME.

On my way home I thought that it would be a pleasure to take my friends by surprise, so I did not use the telegraph.

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I arrived at Rochester, N. Y., at about 6 o'clock A. M., March 23, 1865. On my way home from the station I met a man with whom I had been associated for fifteen years. I hailed him, bidding him good morning. He returned the salutation. I asked after the health of a number of our former associates. I then asked him concerning the health of his father, his mother, and his brother, calling the brother by name. He answered that they were well. I asked him if he knew how the members of my own family were, he being very well acquainted with them. He said, "Well, now, my friend, if I knew who you are I might be able to tell you; you seem to know me and my family and a number of my associates, but I do not recollect you; will you kindly tell me your name?" I thought to myself, "Can it be possible that I have so changed that this man does not know me?" and I remarked, "I am a soldier, and, like many others, when out of sight am soon forgotten by former friends and associates." Throwing open my cavalry overcoat—the collar being up behind and standing above my ears as the weather was quite cold—I said to him, "Do you know me now?" He answered, "No, sir, I do not; and as far as forgetting the soldier is concerned, I certainly do not for I had some very warm friends who went into the army, one of whom was hanged by the rebel guerrillas near our lines in Tennessee while making his escape from a rebel prison, and his only crime was asking for something to eat; and his sergeant was hanged with him on the

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same tree." I remarked that that was a brutal murder, and I then asked him to give me the names of the murdered men, thinking I might know them since I was acquainted with all the Rochester officers who were in prison with me; and he mentioned in reply my own name and that of Sergeant James Benedict of my regiment, who was captured with me at Cold Harbor, but whom I had not seen since I entered Libby Prison, when he was taken to Castle Thunder and from there to Andersonville. This news was a surprise to me, surely, and I replied, calling him by name, "Your friend Cribben was not hanged as you say; he was on the Tennessee line, was often hungry, and often asked for something to eat; fortunately for him he never fell into the hands of the guerrillas." Rolling down my cavalry overcoat collar, I said to him, "You see before you all that is left of your friend Cribben." With distended eyes he stared at me in amazement, and then told me he had listened only two weeks before to my funeral sermon, preached by Dr. Raines at Alexander Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Seeing an acquaintance coming toward us he began to yell, "Say! Hold on there! Shake hands with my friend, Harry!" I shook his friend by the hand, and then excused myself, telling them that I must hurry home to my wife and children to inform them of my presence in the body. On the way I called upon my brother-in-law at his store, and he went home with me.

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My wife was getting breakfast for my little boy and little girl preparatory to sending them to school. Before we opened the kitchen door she had gone down cellar through a trap-door, leading from the kitchen, and we awaited her return. Soon she appeared with a plate of butter in her hand. When she reached the floor my brother-in-law, who was standing in the door, said, "I told you that I would bring Henry; I have got him this morning." I stepped in and said "Good morning," calling her by name. The butter plate went into the cellar, and she went into a heap on the floor, fainting away. Lifting her up I laid her on a couch in the kitchen. She soon revived, and the usual family greeting took place. The young widow of some four weeks had recovered her husband who had been reported as hanged on the Tennessee line by the guerrillas, and I had the pleasure of reading my own obituaries which had been published by the press of the city.

The report of my death reached Rochester in this way: it was first published in the Richmond papers; then it was copied by the Philadelphia Enquirer—a paper largely read by the Army of the Potomac—and was seen by one of my friends in the regiment who wrote home asking the date of the latest letter which had been received from me while I was in prison. The desired information was given him, and in return he sent home the article which he had cut out of the Philadelphia paper.

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HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

I reported to the Adjutant-General by letter, and asked him for a sixty days' leave of absence in order that I might recover my health and regain my strength before going to the front again. My request was granted.

In due time I rejoined my regiment at Hanover Court House, Va., and marched back to Washington, participated in the Grand Parade, and was mustered out of the service with my regiment at Rochester, N. Y., June 15, 1865.

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